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GERMANY AND THE BIG THREE

BECAUSE the results of allowing the world to be divided into two great power blocs are so manifestly disastrous, President Truman is making another effort to find a basis for co-operation. He has sent Mr. Hopkins to Moscow and Mr. Davies to London to see if the conditions can be created in which a further meeting of the Big Three can be usefully held in the near future. Perhaps resolute and thorough sifting of the issues, with plain speaking on both sides, can cut through the mesh of misunderstanding and confusion. Gentlemanly diplomacy will not do it. Unless the cards are really on the table, no good will come of talking.

The present confusion was inevitable because, during the war, the Allies concerted their strategy, but never their policy or their post-war plans. Britain and America had in fact no post-war policy. The U.S.S.R., we believe, had two alternative policies, one of co-operation, the other of isolation. Appearances now suggest that the Soviet Union is deciding, but has not yet finally decided, on isolation. At San Francisco the Russians insist on the Big Power veto applying to all decisions except those of procedure, and this exception is comically withdrawn as soon as it is granted by the provision that there must be unanimity in deciding what is a matter of procedure. The simple idea which first animated Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill, that they would rule by their own concerted power after the war, has been complicated by the quite incompatible effort to create a new League of Nations in which the small Powers play an important role. Russia, seeing in this a new possibility that her enemies abroad intend once again to organise the outside world against her, seems to consider little but her own security. Her suspicions have been gravely increased recently; no factor, we believe, has been as important as the attitude of the United States Navy Department and the decision to fortify the Pacific Islands against Russia. Co-operation means subordinating national policies to the overriding need for international understanding; it means that alike for Russia, Britain and the United States.

The central issue is whether we face the German people as rival Powers or as a firmly-knit Alliance. To state it in concrete terms: can we set up, in Berlin or elsewhere, a Joint Control strong enough and sufficiently harmonious to dictate an agreed policy in economic, cultural and political matters, to all the four zones—for the French have to be considered as well as the Americans, the Russians and ourselves—during the period of military government?

The Russians, even before they entered Berlin, threw over the crude Vansittartism of Ilya Ehrenburg, in a series of authoritative and strongly-worded pronouncements. With their customary sharpness of outline, they are now making and emphasing, in words and acts, a clear-cut distinction between the Nazis and the masses. There is no ban on fraternisation. After a few days in which every licence seems to have been allowed to the troops, strict discipline was restored. Nazis and their adherents were enemies; common people, potentially friends. The Soviet-controlled radio addresses its hearers with genial politeness. The Russians have paid ceremonial respect to the monuments of the great German culture of the past. Amid the ruins, they are offering the population the consolations of art and sport, and encouraging its paralysed mind to fresh activity. One of their first acts was to call a meeting of authors, actors and musicians, to whom they offered every encouragement. They put a distinguished Socialist actor of the Old Days in charge, and already he has reopened several theatres and many cinemas. Furtwängler, who for long protected his Jewish musicians against the Nazis, has put his orchestra to work. A match will be played next Sunday between a Red Army and a Berlin workers' football team. The municipality of Berlin is functioning again, with some decided opponents of the Nazis among its members. The curfew, still imposed on Poland, has been lifted in Berlin. With a comparatively small German population and a large part of Germany's food growing area in their control, the Russians are able to announce an increase in German food rations just at the time when the Western Allies have drastically reduced them. Of the punitive side of the picture we know little, since foreign journalists have not been admitted into the Russian zone. It is probable that summary justice has been used against many war-criminals and that men of the S.S. and Gestapo are being deported to Russia. Whether other demobilised men are deported we do not know, nor whether factories are being stripped of machinery.

In contrast to this new and constructive departure in Russias' German policy, the Anglo-American record is so far negative. The wrong note was struck at the start with the indiscriminate ban on fraternisation with all Germans and Montgomery's injunction to "behave as conquerors." Even worse was the declaration of General Clay, Eisenhower's deputy, that the purpose of the military government is "to punish Germany and hold her down." He forgot that when a civilised State undertakes to govern it must of necessity aim at the welfare of the governed. The effect has been to create a political and cultural vacuum. There is a total ban on publications of any kind (apart from the colourless official military news-sheet), which is to continue for an indefinite period. Some good appointments of mayors have been made especially in the American Zone, and in two or three towns trade unions have been formed. We should urge that as soon as order is securely established, the first boon we should confer on a people, gagged and stifled through twelve years of terror, is the right to free discussion. Until German democrats may publish a pamphlet and call a meeting, they cannot begin to find their way in the new era that opens before them. Apart from such restrictions, our own authorities run their military machine and concern themselves with little else, which means that as yet there is no one, British, American or German, who has the power and the will to plan and carry out the resumption of economic life. This is being faced only from the negative angle—what industries must be forbidden. The result is that Germany is drifting towards mass-unemployment and famine. The best news so far is

Field Marshal Montgomery's announcement that landworkers, miners and builders are being rapidly demobilised.

If these contrasted policies are destined to continue in two rigidly isolated zones, it is easy to forecast the future. The economic life of what was lately one highly centralised Reich, will be slowly built up again on two autarchic patterns round two distinct foci. Politically the halves will take their cue, one from Moscow, the other from London. Radio appeals, which laugh at policed barriers, will compete for the allegiance of Germans in the two zones. If we mean that there shall be one Germany in a co-operative Europe and not two in a Continent organised for strife, we must start at once, we and the Russians, to organise it under a single harmonious control.

Marshal Tito and the Allies

Relations between Marshal Tito and the Allies have not outwardly deteriorated, but below the surface the situation remains tense. There is still, it seems, no agreement as to how Allied Military Government in Istria is to work through the Civil Authorities established by Marshal Tito, and the question how many Yugoslav troops (even if nominally under Field-Marshal Alexander's command) are to be located between Trieste and Gorizia has still to be settled. In one respect the situation has been eased: Yugoslav troops have now withdrawn from the southern strip of Carinthia which they had occupied. On the other hand Marshal Tito, in his broadcasts from Radio Belgrade, is adopting a tone which seems to reflect the views of the more chauvinistic of his generals. He deprecates talk of a solution by force of arms, but refrains significantly from saying what he will do if the Peace Conference does not recognise the "justice" of the Yugoslav demands in relation to Carinthia. Actually, in this area, Yugoslavia has a poor ethnographic case; the real issue is her wish to control the passages through the Karawanken Alps. Marshal Tito says nothing about this strategic aspect of the question, but he has made a tart rejoinder to Field-Marshal Alexander's warning against "Nazi methods" by complaining that Yugoslav efforts in the cause of the Allied Nations have been rewarded by the importation of a "new Gestapo"—a reference, presumably, either to a local Austrian administration formed in Klagenfurt after the German capitulation, or to a lurid story, published in the Belgrade press, of the raiding of a Slovene partisan headquarters by British forces accompanied by Austrian security police. What advice Marshal Tito is receiving from Moscow is unknown. But if reports that Yugoslav forces withdrawn from Carinthia are now entering Styria are true, it looks as if the Russians, who show no signs of evacuating Graz, are increasing their prestige in Yugoslavia by giving Marshal Tito a recompense for having to compromise in Istria and Carinthia.

The Syrians, the French and Ourselves

The crisis in Syria has grown much graver. There have been outbreaks against the French troops in Homs and other Syrian towns with loss of life on both sides, and they have ruthlessly shelled Damascus. The Syrians are calling on the other Arab States for support, and they may be relying on British backing—an expectation that aggravates the tension. M. Bidault has made a conciliatory statement, in which he said that the chief concerns of France are her schools, the safety of the pipe line from Mosul and her strategical requirements. It is these last that make the real difficulty. If France asks no more than we require from Irak, where we retain our military airfields, it does not lie with us to criticise her. Our own relations with Irak have been in the past no happier than hers with Syria, and we have twice had to bomb its people into submission. The French believe that the Syrians would not take such an uncompromising line unless they were encouraged by our own Imperialists, who back the Arabs for strategical reasons. While some Members in the House of Commons on Wednesday emphasised this "pot and kettle" aspect of the business, and there was great difference of opinion about the tone of voice in which the British Government should speak to the French, it was unanimously felt that General de Gaulle was behaving with provocative violence. Unless Mr. Eden can persuade the French Government to modify the bellicosity of its local commanders, it looks from the protests coming from Cairo, Bagdad and Teheran as if the whole Arab world may be in flames.

News From Czechoslovakia

Political life in Czechoslovakia, which has renewed itself with considerable vigour, is at present based on a combination of the Communists' enthusiasm and the caution of the more moderate political forces. The reconstituted political parties, ranging from Communists to Catholics, display a gratifying measure of independence. While everyone stresses the need of national unity for the urgent work of reconstruction, the dangerous conception of an all-powerful national front has been dropped. Elections (though only by acclamation) for the local national committees are being carried out along party lines; and political controversy appears once again in a revivified press. There is great enthusiasm for Russia and intense joy over the liberation, mixed with an uneasy feeling (shared by nearly everyone, including many Communists) about the future position of the country. President Benes showed great political acumen in visiting the principal provincial towns before returning to Prague. He was everywhere given a tumultuous welcome; even more than before the war he stands as the representative of Masaryk's democracy. His political power is limited. The key positions are mainly occupied by Communists and his Presidential veto can be overruled. So far, Communist influence has made itself chiefly felt in spurring on the purge of Czech quislings. This purge has been carried out with great thoroughness in Bohemia, but rather laxly in Slovakia. Politically the main victims of the purge were the Czech Agrarians, some industrial and bank magnates and the Fascists among the officers' clique. Communists are also the driving power behind radical measures taken against Germans, some of whom have already been driven out of the country.

Franco's Notice to Quit

French public opinion has served on General Franco a bluntly worded notice to quit. It came from the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Assembly, which is neither a juvenile nor an irresponsible body, since no fewer than eight former Ministers of the Third Republic are among its members. It asked the French Government to intimate to Franco that the time has come for him to lay down power. The Government, while declining to act in the way suggested, made it clear that it sympathised with the Committee's view and undertook that there shall be no resumption of normal diplomatic relations with Fascist Spain. A direct intervention of this kind might have offended the pride of the average Spaniard, little though he may like Franco's terrorist rule. There are, however, other ways of making his position untenable: for example, he will presently have to reverse his act of usurpation in Tangier under pressure from all the Powers whose rights he violated—a retreat that will damage his prestige. The best news is that Dr. Negrin, since he crossed the Atlantic, may succeed in re-uniting the numerous refugees in America, as he did when he visited those in France. If all goes well, a provisional government in exile may be constituted, which can fairly claim to be the legitimate Government of Spain.

Coal and the Election

Faced with the necessity of producing for election purposes some kind of a plan for the future of the coal-mining industry, the Government has gone three parts of the way towards unconditional surrender to the mineowners. The pits are to remain in the hands of private enterprise. All that is to be done to promote efficiency is to appoint a Central Authority (composition unspecified) to advise and guide the owners, with unstated powers of enforcement in reserve. This device would, of course, be as ineffective as was the ill-fated and impotent Coal Commission set up years ago with similar functions. Meanwhile, the colliery owners, led by the astute Mr. Foot, are continuing to act on the assumption that they will be left to take charge of the reorganisation of the coal industry, with only such State intervention as they themselves care to invoke. They have now decided to proceed at once with the technical survey proposed in the Reid Report and are inviting some of the members of the Reid Committee to serve on the body which they are setting up. Significantly, however, the owners have decided, instead of proceeding at once to consider regional amalgamations, as the Reid Report suggested, to conduct the technical investigation first, and to defer the amalgamation issue.

Holding Up Reconstruction

There are already plenty of signs that the advent of the "caretaker" Government means a serious setback to reconstruction. Even Bills approved by the Coalition Cabinet are being held back, when they could quite well be hurried through before the election. In particular, it seems that Mr. Morrison's Bill providing for the continuance of necessary controls and their use for purposes of reconstruction is to be dropped, while Mr. Dalton's Location of Industries Bill has been castrated by the exclusion of the "controversial" clause which alone confers any power to control location outside the depressed areas. There is, of course, now no hope of anything being done to control land-use, or even to tidy up housing policy, until the election is over; and the Workmen's Compensation Bill seems to be another certain casualty. Nothing has yet been announced about the fate of the Children's Allowances Bill, with its valuable provision, as amended, for payment of allowances to the mother. There is no doubt that the adoption of this amendment was prompted in part by the fears of members expecting soon to face their constituents; and it will be a disaster if the Bill, after all the work that has been done upon it, is now allowed to lapse.

Direction of Labour and the Tory Reaction

Mr. Bevin's administration of man-power has hitherto come in for universal praise. He did a fine job at the Ministry of Labour and National Service; and employers were duly grateful to him for helping them to get through the European War with astonishingly little labour unrest and with a remarkably effective use of the limited man-power available. But already the *Sunday Times* and other organs of Tory opinion are discovering that man-power is in a terrible muddle, and the familiar stories about workers under direction smoking and playing cards in the factories with nothing to do are being trotted out. The purpose of the manœuvre is, of course, obvious: it is to destroy the man-power controls in order to enable firms to get back to producing what will yield most profit irrespective of priorities based on social needs. It is to be hoped that Mr. Butler, the new Minister of Labour, will have the strength and foresight to stand up to these campaigners for the rights of profit.

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Whose Children?

Now that Sir Walter Monckton, in an outspoken but scrupulously fair-minded report, has apportioned responsibility for the administrative lassitude which led to the tragedy at Bank Farm, we trust there will be no disposition on the part of the Home Secretary to "leave it at that." When due allowance is made for war-time shortage of staff, the report is definitely not re-assuring about the boarding-out system in general. In the Rules made by the Home Office in 1933, there are three all-important provisions: the foster-parent must be a "suitable" person; every foster-child must be inspected within a month of being boarded out, and thereafter quarterly; and medical attention (including examination within a month of being boarded out) must be made "available" by the local authority. Sir Walter Monckton rightly recommends that inspection should be carried out, as is required by the Public Assistance Rules, every six weeks; three months can be eternity to an ill-treated child. But otherwise he sees no need to revise the 1933 Rules. What he urges—and in this he should have the full force of public opinion behind him—is that the Rules must be administered in a totally different spirit by officials who are competent and specially trained, and (we should add) have a real vocation for caring for derelict children. As an alternative to the bleak efficiency of the institution, the foster-home has a valuable part to play in children's welfare; but, until the selection and supervision of such homes are improved, there is no guarantee that the circumstances of the miserable Gough case will not recur.

PARLIAMENT: Front-Bench Hustings

Wednesday Afternoon

Usually the House crawls lethargically back from a summer recess. This time the tempo of affairs was accelerated: Members hurried along the corridors or stood in conspiratorial groups, looking eager or anxious; the underlying, and justifiable superciliousness of some of the police began to peep through their skin-deep affability; aureoles of felicitation illumined those demigods, the new junior caretakers, as they picked their majestic and preoccupied way in to question-time. In action, these mostly seemed fairly unimpressive; Peter Thorneycroft alone gave a clear, crisp account of his department.

The new Opposition leaders were cheered as they came in during questions. Churchill was greeted with a loud roar, exclusively by the Tories and Lib. Nats. The "hard-faced" back-benchers were agog, almost hysterical — cackling and spluttering like badly-behaved schoolboys, or like a psychoneurotic whose inhibitions have all been resolved by alcohol or a sudden shock. It was not long before those on either side of the despatch-boxes were at each other's throats, with gibe and counter-gibe. There were repeated periods of—more than uproar—pandemonium, which Mr. Speaker made little effort to restrain, letting the ex-Ministerial supplementaries range wide.

Members' subsequent views on this scene were by no means unanimous: some thought it undignified and childish, others that it was a healthy overture to a vigorous party rough-and-tumble in the country. Churchill's own summing-up in the House—immediately after he had sprung to his feet, blazing with anger, to protest against the use of the word "blackmail"—was "I rather enjoy these occasions."

The undercurrent of anti-Soviet prejudice among the Tories still flows steadily at question-time, though, with an election so near, it is less intense and violent than it was a few weeks ago. Aneurin Bevan made an important Parliamentary and Constitutional point by pressing Eden on the Government's proposal to "complete outstanding Supply in a reduced number of allotted days." Bevan pointed out that "control of Supply provides the effective control of the Government by this House," and that the Government were obviously assuming the House's assent to this dubious proposal—an assumption which Eden denied making but is obviously, in a House made up as this one is, entitled to make.

Pontifex Minor

SO MUCH FOR SO FEW?

Six years of war have stiffened our political joints. Election tactics and procedure are a novelty to millions. Most citizens under thirty have never been called upon to vote; and the older electors have known only nine years of Party government since 1916. For the better part of two decades British politics have been cramped by the restraints of Coalition. These facts militate against hasty judgments of Party prospects in the coming General Election; the experience of the past may be fallacious. The approaching contest—only three predecessors have been fought on full adult franchise—will be for most an experiment in democracy. As such, it will reveal how far our traditional political institutions have been affected by the impact of ten years of Fascism and war.

Now that the normal channels of political expression are no longer blocked or diverted, all the pent-up angers and ardours can be released. That alone would suffice to make this General Election a bitter contest. Both the Tories and their opponents know that this time it is not simply a question whether Box shall replace Cox. Behind the campaign slogans and the Party platforms a bigger issue is at stake—who is to control the wealth and resources of Britain? and to what ends are they to be directed? In liberated Europe that problem has risen in a sharper form, since the possessing classes often sought salvation in collaboration with the Nazis. But here at home, where the division between the two major Parties broadly corresponds to the rift of class and property interests, the real dispute is not over the pace or extent of one or two specific reforms. On the result of the General Election depends the future social pattern and world position of this country, to say nothing of the welfare of its citizens.

Naturally, the formal issues in the contest to some degree obscure this fact. The war and its aftermath pose certain immediate and pressing problems to which all Parties must address themselves. Housing—in the countryside as well as in the cities—is an obvious case in point. Full employment, social security, coal and food supplies are others, to which any Party or Government must give high priority. And, on the face of it, an unsophisticated elector—especially if he has spent two years in Burma foxholes—might be forgiven if he is unable to distinguish which Party is most willing or best able to fulfil its election pledges on these matters.

This, however, is the crux of the election. It is on such issues of domestic reconstruction that most of the campaign will hinge. And, in the sphere of foreign politics, the problems are the same writ large—economic rehabilitation, the development of backward areas, security from want and fear. It is true that the emphasis is on practical tasks rather than on abstractions and first principles. But by insisting that nationalisation of key industries and proper control of the land are essential to any honest programme of work for all, housing and security, Labour is rightly turning its short-term, minimum proposals into a direct challenge to a capitalist society whose own advocates' appeal to the electorate is nothing more than an admission of failure and a request that they be allowed to patch up the mess they have made of Britain's industrial life.

In London and the other blitzed cities, thousands of men and women will be going out to poll from "temporary" houses which are shoddy, ugly and unfit for family existence. Others, discharged as redundant labour from our war factories, will be drawing unemployment pay and wondering whether and when they will work again. Most of them will know that fresh cold spells, like those of last winter, may often find them with fireless grates and, perhaps, less to eat. Soldiers, awaiting their conversion to civilians again, are alive to the fact that, when their turn comes to be demobilised, they will no longer be fed, clothed and housed by the State, but will have to share the problems of civvy street.

For most people these everyday things matter more than the larger and more dramatic developments of world politics: perhaps they have had their fill of drama in recent years. But, gravely anxious, they want to know how they are going to get decent homes at reasonable rents, properly paid and socially useful jobs, adequate medical services and pensions for themselves when they are ill or past working age. Nobody, except quacks and charlatans, will pretend that these aims are easy to achieve; nor can any Party be held directly responsible for shortages and dislocation which are the product of war conditions. But are these prefabricated homes the best we can produce under present circumstances? Is it really necessary to close down war factories and throw their labour on the streets without properly exploring alternative uses for both in reconstruction?

Labour has answers to those questions; in this campaign it must convince the voter that it has the will and the capacity to fulfil its promises. By five weeks of hard political education it can clear away the confusion caused by the superficial similarity of Party platforms. Labour must show why the Tories, because of the interests they represent, cannot carry out pledges of work for all, even if their leaders should wish to do so. Take, for example, the Coalition White Paper on Employment, which no doubt went some way to meet the wishes of the Labour members of the Cabinet, but has been condemned as self-contradictory by most reputable economists. In spite of its modern phraseology, it is still ridden by the bogies of orthodox finance, still intends to leave the major part of industry in private hands, and, since it shies away from public ownership, does not commit enough of the national economy to State supervision even to ensure that the State retains the initiative in investment. In short, it is an elaborate sham.

Now this, like the elimination of the vital section of the Bill to control the location of industry, is not due to the deliberate malice of Conservative politicians. The only economic end a monopoly capitalist State can pursue is bigger and better monopolies. It has no choice about the matter. In the war, big business has not been really cramped by the Government—however much of a propaganda song and dance is made about restrictions on "free enterprise." In all the decisive Departments and in the major Commodity Controls, big business has had most things its own way, using the opportunity to strengthen itself, to eliminate smaller rivals, to salt away reserves. Early in the war the Government was privately pledged to hand over shadow factories to their parent firms or close them down. There was to be no surplus capacity or competition permitted if the big combines and monopolies could help it. In our age, "free enterprise" means a restrictive economy, price-rings, market agreements, international cartels, just as it involves the bankruptcy of the smaller business man whose vote is ardently solicited by the sympathetic spokesmen of the trusts. Men like Oliver Lyttelton, Lord Beaverbrook and other powers behind the Conservative Central Office know very well whose interests they are championing. An economy of full employment would mean throwing overboard every principle and method by which they have been conducting their own businesses all their lives.

Wherever one turns it is the same story. Housing? Whether loans are at five per cent. or three per cent. makes all the difference between possible and impossible rents. Building: to be done mainly by local authorities and public housing corporations or private contractors? Land: control of prices, adequate powers of compulsory purchase, or no planned reconstruction of our towns? Coal: technical reorganisation under national ownership or further decline in output and rising prices? Health: properly organised health centres or a patched-up version of the panel

system dictated by the vested interests of the medical profession? Each of these issues will require major decisions in the life of the next Parliament, and in each case the difference between the Parties is fundamental—though their programmes and aims may sound the same. Their disagreements are not the refinements of detail raised by two or three rival groups bidding against each other for votes. They represent two distinct social philosophies which are in conflict throughout the world, and which, in Britain, are no longer able to run haltingly together in the harness assumed for the defeat of a common enemy.

The outcome of this election—and it may be the most crucial in our history—will not, of course, settle this struggle one way or another. During the campaign—and after it, if Labour wins—big business and its spokesmen will resort to any trick or unscrupulous manœuvre which might turn the balance in its favour. We have heard a great deal about Britain's "silent revolution" in the course of the war. But has it conquered any key position of power? What has, in fact, been happening is the silent increase of monopoly power on the one hand and the growth of an impatient radical public temper on the other. Now the lid is off, we can see the pot is boiling. The election will decide whether we have fought and sacrificed so much for the interests of the many or the few.

AMGOT AND THE LIBERATION

By our Correspondent in Northern Italy

One would not have expected that the magnificent victory which crowned the bloody campaign of the Italian popular forces would present difficult problems for the Allied authorities. Still, problems arise, or better to say, one fundamental problem; whether it is either necessary or wise to impose upon the vigorous industrial North, a rule which has not been too satisfactory in the South.

This is what actually happened. The Allied authorities anticipated the worst. They prepared for the administration of a totally ruined and starving country with millions of unemployed workers and thousands of bloodthirsty, undisciplined partisans roaming the streets looting and murdering.

They found a country which except for heavy air raid damage and blown up bridges was intact. All public services and most industries were working and the food situation, although strained in the big towns, was much better than in the area occupied by the Allies since 1943 and the summer of 1944. Prices are on the average less than one-half of those in the previously liberated area and there is much less blackmarketing. These are the conditions prevailing in the North where 26 out of Italy's 46 million inhabitants live and which morally and materially is the real heart of the country.

For a partisan army to achieve such a result after two years of underground warfare is an extraordinary feat of organisation. It was possible only thanks to the support of the whole population and owing to the precision with which the carefully prepared plan was carried out, not only by the 200 uniformed partisan brigades but also by the town partisans who overwhelmed the German demolition and factory squads with arms taken from secret depots. Exact figures are not yet available, but it is estimated that about one million men and women were active members of the Resistance movement and their losses certainly exceed 120,000 killed. In the final battle of liberation alone several thousand people were killed.

When Allied troops arrived, a thoroughly democratic administration had been set up already, as had been done previously whenever an area had been liberated by the partisans. Quick justice had been meted out to many of the worst Fascist criminals—a proceeding which had been recommended for the South even by conservative Allied observers. And now AMG(ot) walks in! At first they played a mild hand. In all towns great Italo-Allied ceremonies were held, with ten thousands of armed partisans parading (in Milan there were over 50,000) and Allied troops presenting arms. But things soon changed. AMG was appointed to rule a conquered country and to rule they intended. Public meetings and posters were forbidden in many towns; the party press was also suppressed, though some exceptions were made for papers of the Right. In Modena even post offices were closed. In Brescia, where over 200 partisans were killed in the final battle, there is only one paper of the Liberation Committee published, in which Socialists, owing to outside influence, get little space. A Catholic daily was permitted, a Socialist weekly suppressed. In Venice, a young civil affairs officer shouted at Dr. Tonnetti, secretary of the Venice Socialist party: "I summoned you this morning, and you come only in the afternoon! Do you realise that I have the power to arrest you?" Tonnetti was not very much impressed because he had been rescued only a fortnight before from a Nazi prison. Purpose of the summons was the prohibition of a meeting in which a member of the Central Executive should have spoken. In the course of conversation the officer said he was informed that the Socialists were a seditious party, out for personal revenge, and he added: "I don't care a bit about the consideration you receive from the Americans."

Whereas in Milan, the Liberation Committee was in time to relieve the world of almost 2,000 criminals (a number still considered insufficient by well-informed Allied observers) in Brescia and Venice no trial has yet taken place. When the Venice Liberation Committee issued an appeal to the population to forward only substantiated accusations, the Civil affairs officer censored the following sentence: "Everybody must realise that to hamper or to delay the course of justice out of pusillanimity, desire of being left in peace or indifference, constitutes a heavy guilt against society or civilisation." Owing to the intervention of a British press correspondent the ban on those words was eventually lifted.

In Milan and other big towns things seemed better and the party press is free. But when many ministers and political leaders arrived, including Togliatti, the Communist leader and Nenni, secretary of the Socialist party, every public meeting was forbidden.

In the field of administration, justice and economic life AMG influence can only lead to disruption of an extremely well working machine and to hampering reconstruction work which the efficient Northerners had already begun, when the Allies arrived. There are open-minded men in AMG who see for themselves that their job is finished. It does not look as if their opinion ever prevails.

AMG was created to safeguard the rear of a battlefront and the Control Commission to eliminate Fascism. The battlefront has disappeared with the end of the war in Italy, and as for the elimination of Fascism—I do not think that those who did justice to Mussolini need AMGOT assistance for a purge. During the last fortnight the Liberation Committee—recognised as Government authority in the North—had formally to denounce a number of Nazi-Fascist collaborators brought north by Allied authorities, and I know of at least one case where even the British Field Security (counter espionage) Service's objections against a high official were disregarded by AMG.

The bitterness and disappointment caused by this absurd situation is by no means confined to Italian politicians. Only the aristocratic and millionaire "salons" visited by many Allied officers form an exception. Most foreign and particularly American observers feel it at least as much. Some of them go as far as to suggest an intentional policy directed against the resurrection of Italy and of Left forces in general, and aiming at a very prolonged military occupation of the country. They deplore that U.S. policy, although generally more liberal towards Italy, yields in the end. So strong is this feeling that British correspondents were excluded from a press reception arranged by the Americans in the newly formed American-Italian Circle.

Already a year ago they were singing in the churches of Southern Italy "et ab Amgot libera nos, Domine!"; the people of Northern Italy need not confine themselves to songs in churches. Their action gives them a right to ask to be allowed to administer their country alone, instead of placing it under a double, treble or manifold administration whose maintenance is in nobody's interest, except perhaps of a compromised ruling class whose attitude and opinions shock even military diehards.

PAX VOBISCUM

Peace came in with her banners streaming,
Bugles sounded the last "cease fire"!
But still we felt we were dazed or dreaming,
As peace day broadcast the heavenly choir.
Evil things were destroyed and routed,
Good times coming for common men!
But yet we questioned, and somehow doubted,
While we told each other, "It's peace again."

San Francisco, a new League Covenant,
Great strides forward in world affairs,
Safety pledged by a global government,
When we beat our swords into Vickers' shares.
Good will labours on peace machinery,
Streamlined progress and ordered change,
Unearthly radiance bathed the scenery,
Peace was perfect but rather strange.

But when Great Powers began plain-speaking,
And Middle Powers tried snatch and grab,
And all together descried self-seeking,
While each complained of a dastard stab,
When fighting friends became coldly formal
And rumour started an Allies' war,
The atmosphere seemed completely normal,
This was a peace we had seen before.

Europe has shifted her centre of gravity,
Governments cling to the old *status quo*,
Diplomats clutch at their vanishing suavity,
This is the peace we have reason to know.
Turbulent Tito complains of subjection,
Storm over Syria threatens to break,
Britain is rent with a khaki election,
This must be peace without any mistake.

It's not the words of the peace preamble
Which prove that peace has been achieved,
But the Allied rift and the frontier scramble—
Peace must be seen to be believed.
France is piqued and Syria seething,
The Middle East may be set alight—
This is the air we are used to breathing,
God of battles! it's peace all right.

Sagittarius

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to E. P. Downing.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

We regret a serious error was made in our advertisement of the Workers' Open Forum. The subject should have been: "Is Marxism Detrimental to Working Class interests?" not "Is Morrison Detrimental to Working Class interests?" —*Forward.*

Wanted! Fleas for the Flea Circus. 6d. each paid for Large Live Fleas. Start a "Flea Hunt": there's money in it!—Public Notice in *Newcastle Journal and North Mail.*

. . . and, in spite of Labour's attempt to snatch a party triumph by plunging the country into a General Election, we believe Mr. Churchill still retains the nation's confidence.—*Sunday Graphic.*

On the first flight over the geographical North Pole, Warrant Officer Smith, one of the wireless operators, ate a banana, so as to be the first man ever to eat a banana over the North Pole.—*Sunday Express.*

A LONDON DIARY

Since the "straw votes" suggest that Labour may do well in the election, I suppose we must be on the look-out for a last-minute Tory stunt—a Red Letter or Post Office Savings ramp. The most likely place for it to start is the Beaverbrook Press, since the Conservative tactics seem mainly planned by its proprietor. Brendan Bracken will not be deterred by his elevation to the Admiralty from the fullest co-operation in any stunts that are going. Bracken, I should think, would be good at this kind of thing; he has been a success at the M.O.I. largely because he had the sense to appoint people like Sir Cyril Radcliffe and Francis Williams to the top executive positions, to leave them alone and back them up. He is admirable at personal contacts, the only trouble being that since he always says that which will please, amuse, cajole or sidetrack those to whom he is talking, no one is quite sure what he really thinks. Two people who have been talking to him for consecutive half hours meet on the doorstep and find that he has given them precisely opposite views of the same situation. A fertile invention and Irish tongue, with much experience of propaganda, constitute a considerable election-eering asset. For the moment the Conservatives are concentrating on the career and achievements of Winston Churchill. Since we are all profoundly grateful for his leadership during the dark days of the war, and his success in holding together the United Nations until its end in Europe, this is the natural card to play and a good enough reason for a quick election. How long Winston will remain with the Tory Government after the war I don't know, but I hear from sources which are usually well-informed, that Winston is likely to go to the Lords before long. It would not surprise me if he were made a Duke. As for precedents, the parallel of the Duke of Wellington would no doubt be sufficiently close.

* * *

It was good to hear Mr. Churchill say of Russia, "We are going to remain friends with them, and none can separate us." It was perhaps odd that in that case he should appoint, as Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, Lord Dunglass, who recently undertook the defence of the completely indefensible activities of the London Poles. Among other appointments, Mr. Butler (rather surprisingly leaving it to Richard Law to put flesh on the bones of his Education Act) has now gone to the Ministry of Labour. I should have preferred to see him at the India Office. Unlike Mr. Churchill, whose knowledge of India comes from his polo-playing cavalry days, Mr. Butler really knows something about it. Lyttelton goes to the Board of Trade in order to prevent any serious planning of industry during the conversion period. I doubt if Sir Arthur Salter likes being in a Conservative Government, but as he is being put in charge of U.N.R.R.A., where he has unique qualifications, he would have found it difficult to refuse. Sir Walter Monckton will not agree, I think, with many of his Conservative colleagues. He is a liberal-minded man. As one looks through the names of the other Ministers, one is struck with the small amount of first-rate ability at the disposal of the Conservative Party—is that why Mr. Churchill has resurrected Ernest Brown and his old critic, Hore Belisha?—and struck once again with its capacity for making use of young men who begin as critics and quickly become "yes-men" in official positions.

* * *

Old Labour stalwarts and young recruits, Service candidates and Trade Union delegates, all seem to agree that the Labour Party Conference at Blackpool last week was a quite unprecedented success. I have not met one person who came away with that disgruntled feeling; I heard no one talk about the platform damping enthusiasm, about resolutions getting steam-rollered from the platform, about sectarian spirit or about internal intrigues. The platform was pleased by the Conference and the Conference well satisfied with the platform. Ernest Bevin and Morrison both made remarkable speeches, and Ellen Wilkinson was very popular in the Chair. Aneurin Bevan was as good speaking for the Executive as he has always been when furiously attacking it. But the most remarkable feature was the appearance of a whole string of young Service candidates who knew what they wanted, spoke with marked ability and to the point. No flapdoodle, down to brass tacks. And a really notable shift of age groups. One Service candidate summed it up by saying that "the round belly and the gold Albert are gone."

* * *

Oxford and Cambridge Progressives have both chosen unusual and exhilarating candidates. G. D. H. Cole has been a Labour leader behind the throne for many years; now he stands out in the limelight. Oxford could make no better choice. In Cambridge, J. B. Priestley has agreed to stand as an Independent. When I first knew Priestley in my undergraduate days he was a student at Trinity Hall; now he is, I suppose, England's best broadcaster, and one of the two or three outstanding dramatists and writers. Over a wide range of subjects he has something real, fresh and invigorating to contribute in the House of Commons.

* * *

Is it too late to do anything about the many thousands who will have no vote under present electoral arrangements? Judging from the letters that reach me, three types of people are affected. First, soldiers. Of course, a lot cannot be reached and others haven't bothered to claim their votes. But I'm told that many applications have arrived too late to be included on this register—often through no fault of the soldiers concerned. These could be added to a supplementary list. Then, many returning evacuees have neither the time nor money to travel back to vote where they were living a couple of months ago. Couldn't the Absent Voters' regulation be amended to meet their case? And then there are all those people—especially in the North—who'll be taking their annual holiday in the first week of July. Why not postpone the polling day in certain constituencies by local agreement? After all, the soldiers' votes will be coming in for three weeks, and there doesn't seem any vital reason why an exception shouldn't be made in particular cases. In pre-1914 days polling used to go on for weeks. I have heard it suggested that candidates for constituencies with a large number of disfranchised people should collect dummy ballot forms made out in their favour by these people, with the idea of exposing the success of the authorities in disfranchising part of the electorate.

* * *

A delightful letter reaches me from an air officer friend in Norway. He arrived in time to see the Germans surrender, and he describes the festivities on May 17th, Norwegian Independence Day. It was the first time that the Norwegians had celebrated their chief national holiday since 1939. The flag-lined streets were full of the gayest crowds in national costumes; there were fireworks and fun; processions of children and of the military resistance units wearing civilian clothes, tweed caps and arm-bands. There was a large body of British soldiers and men of the First Airborne Division in cherry berets. There were wonderful parties in which the Norwegians entertained the British with enormous quantities of lobsters—apparently the one kind of food not in short supply. There were even glasses of beer and cups of coffee which had been saved for years for this very occasion. Norway, I think, is the one case of a country which is sufficiently homogeneous in itself to find unclouded happiness in its liberation.

* * *

Important new facts about the part played by the London Poles are revealed in a cyclostyled shilling pamphlet published this week by the Union of Democratic Control (34, Victoria Street, S.W.1.). This is an expert document. I am not recommending it for party or electoral purposes. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden come out well, as I knew they would on this issue. We read here for the first time the details of the tripartite treaty offered to the London Poles at Moscow last autumn jointly by Churchill and Stalin; it was Mikolajczyck's refusal to sign it and its rejection by the London Poles that led Mr. Churchill to utter his solemn warning in his speech on December 15th. If Mikolajczyck had accepted it, Mr. Churchill said, "he would be at this moment at the head of the Polish Government, on Polish soil, recognised by all the United Nations." Where I blame the British Government is for allowing the Poles in London to do things that made their conciliatory efforts suspect in Moscow. Why were the London Poles permitted to broadcast from England wrecking orders to the Home Army? Why was paper allowed for thirty virulent Polish anti-Soviet publications in this country? Another of these anti-Soviet Polish publications was launched in this country only last week. Soviet policy has been stupidly secret, but I suspect that Mr. Hopkins is having an awkward case to defend in Moscow.

* * *

Under the Government scheme for the re-allocation of man-power, certain groups of workers are entitled to apply for release from their jobs. They include women whose husbands are coming home from the Army or who have family responsibilities. Officials in some factories were puzzled when many of the workers refused to go, though they had been asking to be released for months. Investigation showed that if they leave of their own accord they aren't eligible for unemployment benefit! If they are discharged as redundant, they get benefit as a matter of course. The sooner this anomaly is sorted out the better. As things are, informal arrangements may have to be made to "discharge" those leaving voluntarily.

* * *

Last week the *Daily Telegraph* gave prominence to a baseless atrocity story from its correspondent, Mr. Perfect. In a cultivated German home where he was billeted, he discovered a whip with leather thongs and jumped to the conclusion that it was used to flog foreign slaves. Hundreds of this thing were also found in the canteen of a barracks. The explanation is simple. This instrument, known as a *Klopfpeitche*, was issued to the Germany Army and sold in canteens. It was used to beat the dust out of great-coats, blankets and uniforms. After his term of service a soldier often took it home, for his wife found it equally useful for beating rugs and upholstered furniture. A refugee friend tells me that he bought one during his year of service in 1894, and afterwards used it in his household. There were no foreign slaves in the last century, nor were they commonly employed, even in this war, in German homes, but in factories and farms. Nazi cruelty is a sufficiently ghastly fact without aggravating it.

* * *

Scene in the West End. An R.A.F. working party removing sand bags outside a Bank. Notices set up on the pavement: "We are not Germans."

CRITIC

BRITISH INDUSTRY AND SCIENCE

NOTHING short of a new industrial revolution can make possible an expansive economy for Britain in a modern world. This revolution is nothing more nor less than substitution of scientific for rule-of-thumb methods in production. It is not something untried or attainable only in the future; it is already well on its way to completion both in the United States and the Soviet Union, but Britain still lags sadly behind.

What is the situation of Great Britain in the world which will take shape after the defeat of the Axis Powers? Our most obvious disadvantage, the shortage of natural resources and manpower, is not the most important. Far greater is the inefficient use which we make of both of these. Our productivity per man employed in practically every industry is smaller (usually one-half to one-third) than that in the United States. It still exceeds that of the Soviet Union, but the margin is rapidly closing up; for the rate of increase of productivity in the U.S.S.R. is much greater than in this country. The immediate reason for low productivity is antiquated, under-capitalised and badly planned industry. We are unable to make use of the full economies of mass production and mechanisation. We carry the burden of a very large number of small and effectively obsolete plants which dictate the price of the product to the users, allowing a parasitic profit to the more modern plants, whose owners are relieved of the obligation to strive for lower costs and larger sales. Restriction and obstruction are the rule rather than the exception. British industry is largely monopolised or cartelised at a level which perpetuates technical inefficiency and out-of-date methods.

Britain has been longer in the field of production than any other country: this is in part the reason for its technical backwardness. But the fact that capitalism is more decadent in Britain brings an additional disadvantage. The workers of Britain are not prepared to accept the free enterprise conditions involving heavy if temporary unemployment which were the rule in the United States, at least until the last depression; they are not prepared to accept, without violent protest, ruthless scrapping and rationalisation of inefficient industry, as long as the profits go into private pockets, nor are the capitalists prepared to pay the high wages that to a large extent compensate for this in the United States. The result is a mutual acquiescence in a low standard of productivity and a latent threat to resist any improvements. The case of the coal mines is a glaring example. There we have an uneasy armistice in which the owners are only prepared to improve their efficiency if they are allowed a complete monopoly at the expense of the consumer without Government interference, while the men will not collaborate in such improvement unless there is effective nationalisation.

As long as this condition lasts, the cumulative effect will be to keep the cost of British goods above a saleable level in the free competition of world markets. This may be masked for a while by the immediate demands of post-war reconstruction, but sooner or later the result will be a further falling off in sales and a resultant depression in the standard of living. The hope of some employers that, by lowering wages through threat of unemployment, they may still be able to compete, is illusory. By then the new industrial revolution in advanced countries will make our goods unsaleable even if wages are cut to bare subsistence. If we do not put our house in order, Britain will rapidly cease to be a large-scale manufacturing or trading country, and will revert to an agricultural and petty manufacturing economy with all that this implies in drastic lowering of standards of living in our overcrowded island.

Need this happen? What actual possibilities exist for transforming British industry and agriculture to meet modern standards? The answer has already been given in principle by the war itself. The war has taught us two things; first, that it is possible, by using our resources more economically and more intelligently, to increase production even with a much smaller labour force; and, secondly, that as long as this is being plainly done for the interests of the people, we can get the active and enthusiastic collaboration of the workers. Technology can be improved; the efficiency of the inferior plants can be raised to that of the better units. We have already found, among technologists and workers, the men and the women who are capable of developing and controlling this transformation. If—but only if—psychological and social conditions which the war has brought about can be retained for peace, we can hope to put through the new industrial revolution in Britain before it is too late.

The key-note of the new industrial revolution is scientific integration. Science has, of course, for many years been part of industry, and some of our more important industries, such as the electrical and chemical industries, are entirely or almost entirely based on science. Nevertheless, until recently the position of science in industry was a limited one. Science was involved mainly in discovering new principles or new substances which could then be put to practical use by the methods evolved in traditional industry and controlled by purely monetary considerations. The organisation of the workshops, the collection of raw materials, the disposal of the product, these were "trade and industry," not science. What is happening now is that modern industry is becoming scientific through and through. This does not mean that the other qualities of engineering, design or commercial judgment are neglected, but that they are integrated in the fulfilling of a function that is becoming more and more definite and conscious.

We see industry now as a cyclical process. It begins with the determination of what has to be made or done, the necessary qualities of the goods or services in relation to their use; what in war we have come to think of as General Staff Requirements in peace become Community Requirements. Goods and services have to be scientifically assessed in regard to the function they have to fulfil. Functional specification, for example—the top speed, ceiling, miles per gallon of a plane—is taking the place of specification by tradition or description. Once we know what is needed, we can set about finding out how far those needs can be satisfied; here scientific research comes in. It is at the same time the channel through which new knowledge of materials and methods passes into industry, and that through which demands for yet more knowledge pass back to the Universities and scientific institutions.

But research is not isolated in modern industry; it is intimately connected with development and design. It is relatively easy to design and make something that will fulfil the function—there are usually many ways of doing this—but the real art of modern manufacture consists in so designing the product that it fits simultaneously with the requirements of the users and the processes of the factory. Scientific production methods are as important as scientific invention. These methods are not merely technical. It is becoming increasingly realised, through the example of the Soviet Union, that the original concept of the factory as a place where goods are made is a very one-sided one. Goods are made, but people work and live in factories for a third of their lives, and the production method has not only to be economic but adapted to the capacities and interests of the workers; and this must be done not only *for* the workers but also *by* the workers, as was first recognised in this country by the setting up of production committees.

Scientific methods have much assisted the development of rational production methods: rigid standardisation of parts and materials and statistical quantity control have led to enormous economies and simplifications. Only in one aspect have they given rise to greater demands: there can be no economy in thought. Higher standards than ever before are required of the technicians and the designers.

The integration of science in industry does not end with the manufacture of the product: it needs to be followed into its field of use; it requires servicing; it requires operational research to find out how far it is fulfilling its function or even how far its function is really a necessary one.

It would, however, be perfectly possible to have a set of units of ideally scientific producers and yet have an economy which was anything but satisfactory. Integration between productive units is as important as proper organisation of each unit itself. That integration can be as scientific as the other. Close relations between producers and users, and between producers serving common users or drawing materials from a common producer, can be organised and have been organised in the war. But all this cuts violently across the whole tradition and practice of capitalist production. Under capitalism the only way in which such co-operation is envisaged is in vertical or horizontal trusts and cartels in which the interests of the ultimate consumer are rigidly subordinated to the profit motive.

The complexities of modern production processes make it less and less possible even for the most intelligent of consumers to know whether what he is buying is good or whether he is paying a fair price for it. His only evidence for the first is the advertisement, and the money spent on advertising is itself a conclusive proof that he cannot be getting his money's worth. As long as the effective criterion for consumption goods is the willingness of the public to buy, functionally satisfactory and cheap goods are in fact driven off the market by goods readily saleable well above their cost price. This distorts the whole framework of industry; in particular it leads to an unhealthy emphasis on consumption rather than production industries, starving the latter of capital at the expense of the former—a process which is largely responsible for the dangerous state of our present industrial structure. Even when the profit motive is absent, as in the case of the Co-operatives, the prevailing pattern of choosing consumption goods for show rather than for use still persists. Here the State, like the municipalities in the Middle Ages, must come in to protect the consumer and establish good quality and fair price.

J. D. BERNAL

To be concluded.

HERRENVOLK

I WONDER how many people in the Army have ever troubled to read the Hague Convention? It's certain that, at the moment, I am almost alone here in believing that it has any value in a world of atrocities, starved prisoners and crimes without a name. Nevertheless, the romantic side of me, that still somehow gets into my soldiering, insists that I must abide by it. A midget on a mountainous dunghill. I wave it helplessly in the tempests around me, clutching it much as a girl clutches her hat in a Piccadilly wind. Fontenoy, Dettingen, Minden . . . I suppose that is the age in which I still believe myself to be at war.

For the past twenty-four hours I have, among my duties, had the task of guarding three German officers—a Nazi general of the police, a colonel and a major. They were delivered late at night. The general was so very obviously a Nazi—a political parvenu, rough faced and stocky; whenever he spoke he waved his hands as if he were making a speech. But he was also clearly very frightened about his future: the post of former police president is not a job which is coveted in present-day Germany. The colonel and the major were both cavalry men—county gents. Junkers—those real war-lovers we hear so much

about. The colonel was elderly and fussy; a sick man with something wrong with his gall bladder. He wanted to know straight away if he could have his parole and go miles away to continue some treatment or other. The major was in civilian clothes—check coat, cloth cap, breeches and gaiters. He was lame in one leg and walked with a stick. I asked for his papers and read his name—a string of names like a Pope or a Habsburg, ending up with "Adalbert von Blomberg." I asked if he was the son of the Field Marshal. No, the nephew. He clicked his heels; I clicked mine. His age was forty, not more. He had keen eyes, dark, fine features, a big nose; Junker with a capital J; the genuine article.

I put them in an empty room, gave them blankets and a hot drink (though this is not laid down in the rules, it seems to me that whatever you are, you deserve a hot drink at the end of a long day of being bumped about). Then I bade them good-night—more heel-clicking and saluting—and locked them up.

In the morning I sent them in washing water and arranged for their food. The general was interrogated, which appeared to have a disastrous effect on his stomach. He kept asking to be escorted to the toilet. On all these little walks he talked incessantly, continuing to *rede machen* in the can. Verbal as well as colonic diarrhœa. I don't suppose he could help his mouth any more than his bowels. Whenever I opened the door the colonel had some *kleine Bitte*. Did I know how long they were staying? Or where they were going? And would he be able to take this, that and the other with him?

Blomberg surveyed the general with marked disapproval, and the colonel with disfavour, as a somewhat weak brother. Suddenly, however, he remarked to me that I might be interested in his wife. I wondered wildly whether he imagined he could bribe me with some hard-bitten old Grafin; but he pulled a paper out of his pocket and showed me somewhat furtively her maiden name. I saw the point. She was a Schleicher, a cousin of the general shot by Hitler in the purge of 1934. He told me quite a lot of interesting things from the historical viewpoint. Then they all wanted to know if I'd heard the latest news. I told them all the reports of the moment—Hitler "selbsmord"; Hamburg "gefallen"; the Italian campaign over. The colonel asked if I had heard a report that Von Papen had formed a provisional German Government, with Allied approval. I said I wouldn't put anything past Von Papen, but that I thought the Allies knew him now for the wily fox he was. The colonel said Von Papen was an old regimental comrade of his, and Blomberg that he was a gentleman. The general seemed a little ignorant on any matters immediately outside the proper Nazi sphere, and was mercifully silent. So again I improved the moment by learning quite a bit about Von Papen—though neither of them could adduce any sound reason why he had never been murdered, beyond confirming my own guess that he did know something which would have been published on his untimely death.

In the afternoon the Commandant visited them. I acted as interpreter. Had they any complaints? No, none at all; the food was excellent; they had all they wanted. Then came a string of questions. When would they leave, etc.? The colonel, of course, got in his bit about being a sick man, and the need for medical attention. He was assured that in Allied prison camps he would receive every medical attention. Then he and Blomberg made one of the most ludicrous requests I've ever heard. Would it not be much better, they asked, if they were sent back to their estates, as they had thoroughbred horses which needed looking after? Von Blomberg nearly wept as he referred to his animals. I don't know whether they were trading on the widely-believed British love of animals, or whether they really meant it. It would be hard to say.

Later I took them for their daily walk, as laid down in the Convention. First I asked them to give me their parole. From the colonel and the major this produced a magnificent pre-French-Revolutionary comedy. A great deal of heel-clicking, saluting, bowing from the waist, and assurances. I was sorry that they hadn't got swords which they could have presented to me, and I could have handed them back; we could have bandied them backwards and forwards for several minutes. The general, honest Nazi, had never heard of parole, and just hooted with laughter when I mentioned it. However, when he understood he roared, "See, I leave my suitcase in the corner!" I began to feel quite affectionate towards him.

The walk was "colossal." I mentioned to the general that the room next to his had been occupied not so long ago by Josef Kramer—known in the British Press as the Beast of Belsen. Blomberg uttered one very long German swear word, which I'd not heard before, but it sounded very expressive, and "Schwein" featured largely in it. But the general treated me to ten of the most enjoyable minutes I've spent for a long time. He stopped in his tracks and shouted "Kramer! Der Ober-Kommandant Kramer!" He gesticulated wildly, and launched into a torrential speech such as only Nazi sub-leaders are capable of making. His voice was at full pitch, he squeaked on the high notes, he waved his arms high, low and around about, he pointed, he beckoned, he held up his hand against interruption. Sweat poured from his dishonest face, gleaming in the evening sun. I pinched myself to make sure that it wasn't Buerckel announcing the result of a plebiscite to an expectant Fuehrer.

But this was the beautiful thing about the speech—instead of declaiming against his country's enemies and condemning all non-Aryans to eternal damnation, it was an inverted oration. He spoke in moving tones of what went on in these concentration camps, of how a friend of his had been a secretary to Schuschnigg and had been put in Dachau, and of all the indignities he had suffered there; of how they were a crime against humanity and a blot on the noble name of Germany. When he had finished I awaited eagerly some inversion of a roar of *Sieg Heil* and *Wir danken unser Fuehrer*. None came. The ploughed fields remained indifferently silent. Blomberg had pointedly turned his back and was studying some blades of grain, and the colonel was hovering with another of his "Herr Ober-Lieutenant" (nice to be promoted, if only in German eyes) "eine kleine Bitte. . . ." This time he asked with great respect whether I would favour them with my personal impression of Kramer. I didn't because I doubt whether I shall ever be able to give those impressions to anyone, but contented myself with saying that such men were much lower than human—beasts, inevitable under a Fascist government. The colonel nodded very wisely, sublimely unaware that it had been *his* government.

We walked along discussing such neutral subjects as the soil, farming and crops, until some mention of "land" set the general off again; not quite so vehemently this time. It was on the subject of how Germany would be without any war or Fascism. The irony of it all was that he reproduced the whole Nazi programme—commercial Bunds, professional Chambers, leagues of employers and workers—all the familiar Goebbels clap-trap. But he seemed sincerely unaware of it, even when I told him that the so-called Corporate State meant Fascism.

So we came home. But before I locked them up I told them that my turn of duty was now over, and I should be handing them over to another officer for the next twenty-four hours—or until they left. This produced three separate speeches of grateful appreciation for my method of looking after them; but I think I shall chiefly remember Von Blomberg as the man who fiddled with his braces—he seemed to be perpetually worried that they were coming undone. Waving my little Hague flag, I handed them over to the care of my colleague X. X is a tough-minded individual from the East End of London. He sports a scrubby moustache and is chief apostle of the "All-Germans-are-Bastards school." I fear the general and his friends will get short shrift from him, and by now have probably revised their opinion about English officers. Hitler, they will say, was right after all. Of course, X is probably right, too.

SUBALTERN

COFFEE WITH SIR MAX

SOME time ago I was with a small Searchlight group in a quiet and beautiful Surrey village, talking to soldiers, which is often pompously described as lecturing. Apropos of journalists and the press a gunner said that in the village lived a gentleman, now retired, who "used to write in the papers." Another one, a good-looking chap, who told me before that he was himself a ballet dancer, said that the man had "something to do with the show business." They did not know if he was a foreigner (a Dutchman, one believed), but they all agreed that he speaks English "better'n some of us." A third one maintained that he was an Englishman who was once a well-known music hall star who called himself "by a fancy name like most of them artists do." He knew: ". . . 'course, I 'eard 'im once on the radio singing . . . an' it was a shyme, 'course 'e ain't got a voice no more." Apprehensively I asked what his name was.

"Sir Max Beerbohm," the gunner answered. "Lives just over the road. Know 'im? This 'ere chap 'elps 'em sometimes in the cottage, 'e'll show you."

And unanimously they all agreed that Sir Max is "a proper gentleman," and that Lady Beerbohm is a "real lady," and that she does all sorts of little things for them. The gunner who took me over to Sir Max's cottage knocked humbly at the back door. Lady Beerbohm came out and almost apologetically asked: "Why through this entrance?" The good soldier mumbled some shy words of excuse as he introduced me, as if to say "don't blyme me, lady, it ain't my fault" (the most respectful and the most honest way I have ever been introduced to anybody), and he disappeared.

Lady Beerbohm, as if she had been expecting me, benignly smiled me in and introduced me to her husband. But here begins the most dangerous part—how to describe Sir Max. The trouble is that no writer-artist, I think, has been in his lifetime so praised and so loved by the few initiated and so little known to the multitude. There is nothing to add. You can't write him down; you can't "debunk" him; you can't parody him; you can't make a caricature of him. Because he has been the most delightful down-writer, he has been the most lyrical "debunker," few have written better parodies—and nobody in England has drawn caricatures of the Olympians with such a delicate, sweet and terrifying irony.

To tell the truth, before I entered the cottage I had a secret premonition that I should feel as Sir Max described himself feeling, in his incomparable *No. 2 The Pines*, on his "pilgrimage" to Swinburne. But nothing of the kind happened. I found Sir Max, the greatest living handler of the English language, studying an English dictionary. And, mind you, not, as you might have easily expected, a volume of the Great Oxford Dictionary, or the Shorter Oxford or at least the Concise Oxford, not even the two smaller ones, but one of those cheap, common-or-garden dictionaries, which I, a poor perplexed un-Englishman, would have thought utterly degrading to use.

Closing the dictionary and waving, so to speak, all conventionalities aside, Sir Max and Lady Beerbohm welcomed me most heartily. They share the art of dispelling the awkward embarrassment and silence that falls after such an introduction. Both bade me to take a chair. I must have sat down for a minute or so, but I got up soon partly because I felt somewhat excited and partly because Sir Max likes standing.

He looks as elegant and as neat as one of his

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exquisitely turned-out phrases. He wore a well-cut, double-breasted, light grey suit, black socks, black shoes well polished, blue striped shirt (I think), a dark tie with an old-world pearl pin in it. His cheeks are fresh and ruddy; his eyes are a childish grey-blue. His moustache, white with yellow tobacco stain, and the white soft trimming around his naked shiny head with the huge bulging forehead which reminds you either of an over-developed precocious child or of the popular idea of a genius; rather a musical genius than a painter or writer. There is something, in his forehead, of the gentle ironic exaggerations of his own caricatures of the Nineteenth-century Great.

Sir Max speaks as he writes—in the grand manner, and he illustrates his choice sentences with superb gestures and facial expressions, gay eyes, and a voice husky, dramatic and most pleasant. When he tells a story (Sir Max does not talk, he tells a story), one has the uncharitable feeling that it has been rehearsed, and one thinks of some grave philosophical comedian talking like Henry James. Again the perfect sentences, the exquisite similes and the ironic delight he takes in the humour of parodying himself are delightful to the ear and the eye even, as it probably often happens, when you are too much preoccupied watching his histrionic art and miss the art of the story-teller.

Sir Max was obviously not disturbed by my intrusion, and I was lucky enough to be classified by him as "Simpatico"—a word, I gathered, he uses only in honour of foreigners. . . .

Here Lady Beerbohm intervened: "We know everything about ourselves—do tell us something about *yourself*."

My (very) short essay in autobiography inspired Sir Max to tell me a superb Chehovian story of a wild Frenchman who escaped from France to England; running into a pub in a Southern port he asked for a "Visky Soda," and at the top of his voice, with the proper wave of his hands and with fire in his eyes he cried: "Vive l'Angleterre libre! Vive la liberté!" And he looked around for some sign from the English people to share in his boundless enthusiasm for England. But there was an embarrassing silence in the pub, several dart players gazed at him as if he were a lunatic, one or two Englishmen at the bar, without even looking in his direction, ordered two more pints and continued their talk about dogs, ignoring the whole painful incident as if nothing had happened.

"You must have felt like that coming to this Island with your natural exuberance, and the cold callous attitude of our people to the foreigner must have shocked and exasperated you. We are a queer species, but we don't mean to be like that; it's more, I think, our confounded fear of making an exhibition of ourselves that we don't show the foreigner a heartier welcome."

"Yes," I said, "I have learned that lesson as a soldier in the British Army, and every time I feel like embracing England and shouting at the top of my voice Vive l'Angleterre! I check myself at the right moment, and I merely mumble in true British fashion: England has its good points, too. . . . There is something to be said for this country . . . or words to that effect. And I am more often than not taken for quite a decent sort of fellow, though a foreigner."

Meanwhile, Lady Beerbohm, whom a lady novelist might describe as exquisitely petite and simply charming (and it would be true), announced that she was going to make, presumably in my honour, Polish coffee. I had to confess that, though born and brought up in Poland, I had never heard of "Polish coffee." It appeared that Polish coffee is supposed to be made with some cocoa added to it, which is a pure libel. I managed to dissuade Lady Beerbohm and said that it would be nice to have some un-English coffee. This turned out to be delicious, and between one sip and another I kept on asking Sir Max such disconnected questions as: Why doesn't he write his memoirs? What is his opinion about present-day writers? What of the future? How is his health? What right has he (if he feels so well as he admits) to deny our tripe-ridden literature a few delightful moments? etc. (Paying a compliment to Sir Max one feels as guiltless as when inhaling a deep Aah! of a rare cognac; you just can't help yourself.)

Sir Max confessed that writing has always been to him very difficult, and that he dislikes memoirs.

"'I write very slowly and have put in a lot of hard work in my little books. I always tried to give only my best. Frankly I don't understand this Age," he confided. "Essentially I belong to the Nineteenth Century. My world has died." It seemed to me that I detected a faint sigh in his voice. Talking about death, we drifted on to the war and the infamy of Nazism, and he asked me to tell him about Poland. Not wanting to grieve him unnecessarily, I soon changed the subject. He understood.

"Do you know the Baltic?" I said. "Yes! What sort of place is Memel? The ancestors on my father's side lived there." That was new to me, and I was glad to hear that his ancestors were also foreigners and almost our neighbours.

Sir Max showed me on the wall two pastel portraits, a lady and gentleman with powdered hair, his grandmother and grandfather, married in 1785. His father was the youngest of a large family, and so was he himself. He is thus very near to the eighteenth century. The proximity pleases him.

I examined the small shelf with some French books, among them Proust. "How do you get on with Proust?" I asked.

"I can't read him—at least not much. He wrote magnificently sometimes, but he was a sick man, he had not the energy to compress, he drowned himself in a sea of literature. I have never been a great reader, but with Proust I could not get on at all. No, these books are not mine, they belong to my friend who has lent me this cottage." (Sir Max's friend was Sidney Schiff, better known as Stephen Hudson, who died only recently. He was, I believe, the first discoverer of Proust and his first correspondent in England; he was also the translator of Proust's last volume *Time Regained*.)

Then our talk moved to Russia, particularly Russian writers.

"I know, I know that Tolstoy has written the greatest novel. But I get so confused with their names. I never know who is who in a Russian novel: Grisha Nicolayevitch Popoff turns up as Michael Ivanovitch or Alexey Petrovitch or some such name." He could not comprehend their eternal brooding, their preoccupation with the soul, the Universe and their self-laceration. And above all their superstition. "Superstition?" I asked, becoming fearfully highbrow—that is literally—lifting my brows as high as they could go.

"Yes, all Russians are superstitious, I think," Sir Max insisted.

But our talk ended on a more cheerful note than on the theme with variations of Russian literary superstition, and I must record it.

After I had said good-bye and my delightful hosts had shown me out through the front door, I was already at the gate when I remembered that I had left something behind. I went back apologising for forgetting my cane at the back entrance. As I made for the door for the second time Sir Max stopped me with his hands lifted in horror, and Lady Beerbohm had a similar expression on her face:

"Oh, no, you mustn't!" exclaimed Sir Max, and "Oh, please not!" said Lady Beerbohm with obvious emotion.

I was all aghast, my heart sunk. For some seconds I didn't know what I had done. Had I taken the wrong stick with the gold knob? Or had I done something worse? But no, I trembled in vain.

Sir Max took me by the hand and motioned me to a chair. "You must sit down, you must sit down. Don't you know it's very unlucky to come back after you have already said good-bye. You must never do that without sitting down again before you leave!" And entreatingly he added, "Surely you will not grudge me my little superstition."

CAMILLE HONIG

THE NATIONAL GALLERY

Never have I enjoyed the National Gallery so acutely as during the last fortnight. For years our eyes have been starved. Try to conceive our privation if for nearly six years we had been unable to read any book or listen to any music except those by contemporary British authors and composers. Every great writer of the past, from Homer to Baudelaire, unattainable; and every great composer from Palestrina to Brahms. And only very rarely the chance to read or hear some minor work by Henry James or Hardy, by Debussy or Sibelius. In hardly less lamentable a situation the lovers of painting have, in fact, been submerged. Except for one Old Master a month, they have had to subsist on memories and photographs. The obstruction to the painter, especially to the young painter, has been appalling. The critic also has been aware of moving, year by year, further from the experience that sets a standard for his sensibility. And no new critic has been able to learn his trade. For without having visited, at the least, Italy, France, Spain, Holland and Germany, he must resemble a literary critic who has not read the most important works of Shakespeare, Æschylus, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Voltaire and Balzac. The loss to those not professionally concerned with painting has been, if less devastating, much more painful than is generally supposed. (We are most of us indifferent, even if we have the decency not to be antagonistic, to other people's pleasures.) But now fifty masterpieces which have been liberated from the realm of Pluto—the black Piranesi caverns in the bowels of a Welsh mountain—have been resuscitated, some of them, with their youth renewed.

They are more beautiful, more attaching, even than we remembered them. For one thing we have seen them for a few days without an intervening film of glass. And then how illuminating, how mutually profitable, the present arrangement, with an Antonello next to a Van Eyck, a Velasquez next an Ingres. The segregation into Schools that was the almost universal practice in the museums of the world has disadvantages as well as benefits. Dare one hope that in the future one room at least in the National Gallery will be devoted to a changing series of such propinquities as we can now enjoy? I should like to see a Watteau between a Rubens and a Gainsborough; a Constable between a Ruysdael and a Manet landscape; a Douanier Rousseau between a Domenico Veneziano and a Petrus Christus. (But, alas! there is no good Rousseau in our national collections, and these collections are kept too rigorously apart.) I should like also to see a Matisse or a Modigliani between a Lorenzo Monaco and a Botticelli. Short of this, I hope that the Trustees may yet be persuaded to add some furniture to the Gallery, thus restoring to its masterpieces some hints of the warm environment for which most of them were destined.

Another excitement at the National Gallery now is the revelation effected by judicious cleaning. Look at the opalescent greens and blues in *The Woman Taken in Adultery*—who would have guessed that Rembrandt when painting this marvel had such colours on his palette? And the Poussin *Bacchanale*—who knew the beauty of the flowers in the foreground, of the early Corot landscape on the left? Arnolfini's looking-glass is revealed as the most exquisite of miniatures; the Rubens *Judgment of Paris* is now a glory of rutilance, making the most sumptuous of walls between two Grecos. The Antonello and the Mantegna have also been cleaned. But such delicious shocks are not delicious to everyone. Some dear old parties cannot endure to see a picture as it left the artist's studio. Dirty varnish is as dear to them as fig-leaves to a prude. They shudder when an Old Master is exposed as personal and audacious in his use of colour. Their grandchildren will doubtless come to like Bonnards and Hodgkinses when Time has veiled them in *consommé en gelée*. Dirt can do wonders to make genius tolerable.

One word about the new acquisitions. The most remarkable are four panels by Giovanni di Paolo. This Sienese Primitive (on whom Mr. John Pope-Hennessy has written a scholarly monograph) plays the wildest tricks with perspective. Fields form lozenges and rhombs; figures in the background loom as gigantic as the peaks surrounding them, while buildings in the foreground are diminutive. An attractive, bizarre artist, with a lovely use of colour—look at the green and pink floor. A Richard Wilson, the finest I have seen, was presented by Sir Edward Ward on V.E. day. Then there is an early Portuguese painting, influenced by the Flemings, refreshingly cool in colour, with angels fluting and plucking grapes from an arbour. And a large Millet (the 17th century one), dark but noble; and two great allegorical pictures by a follower of Tintoretto which make us breathe the splendid air of a Venetian *sala*. For the rest, though there are only fifty pictures, they are enough to nourish the eye handsomely for a long while.

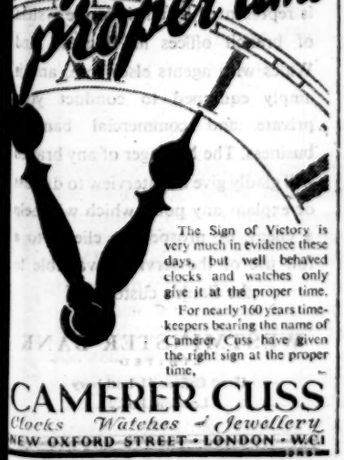
Four rooms of the National Gallery are given to the wartime acquisitions of the Liverpool Gallery. Some of their purchases may not be very happy: the paint of the "Holbein" is horrible—I wonder how many square inches of it are as much as a hundred years old? The modern pictures, apart from a fine Gilman, two Sickerts and a Steer, are weak. But the Turner seascape is a miracle—I have never seen a grander and more successfully brilliant Turner. The Gainsborough, the Stubbs and the Richard Wilsons are excellent specimens; and parts of the Zoffany are charming beyond anything I thought he had it in him to paint. The Millais portrait is interesting—a wretched head, but the dress painted with startling virtuosity, almost Courbet.

I have left myself room only to mention that there is a remarkably well selected assembly of Picassos at the Slatter Gallery, 30, Old Bond Street, and that the Modern Art Gallery in Charles Street also has works by the Paris Master.

Roger Marvell

RADIO NOTES

The recorded seagull, the clop-and-jingle of the coach, the mixed chatter: these have entered the museum of radio and seldom re-emerge, because they no longer evoke anything but a gramophone record. But there are other, only slightly less shabby, properties which continue to haunt the scripts of some writers and are destined to be realised, for better or worse, as thumbnail sketches of Queen Elizabeth, Doctor Johnson, a Regency ingénue (Jane Austen type), etc., etc., by members of a Rep. expected to be as bewilderingly versatile as the players in *Hamlet*. For some time now there have been signs that the more imaginative producers were finding this procedure a naïve bore and were exploring possibilities of getting round it. The oldest method—and the worst—is that of multiple uncharacterised narrators. As I pointed out last week, this has been discovered to please nobody; but there is a middle way, which was used with success by J. B. Priestley in his radio Notebooks and also in the recent portrait of Mr Winston Churchill. It consists in the use of a cast of speakers chosen to share out between them the facets of a single generalised personality. This method stretches back beyond *Pilgrim's Progress* to the mediaeval morality play: *it holds a mirror up to the listener himself*, for the speakers represent him in his various humours—Self-confidence, Curiosity, Fear, Hatred, Enthusiasm, Caution, and so on. No need to waste time in "placing" the speakers, or otherwise dotting i's: each voice is immediately apprehended as a frame of mind, rather than as a person, and this—if the script be skilfully written—tightens the bond between speaker and listener which is so essential a feature of good radio. The writer is thus, by a kind of ventriloquism, put into a remarkably direct contact with his audience. It will be a great pity if the horrid uprush of television, which we are told is preparing, sweeps away this and other characteristic advantages of invisible broad-



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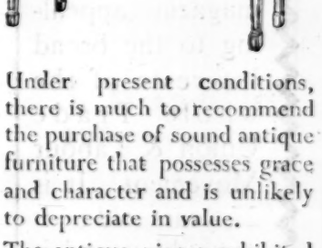
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casting. In this connection it is interesting to note how, in films like *Double Indemnity* and *Dorian Gray*, modern producers are trying to recapture the effects of the silent film by a very liberal use of narration and monologue behind screen pantomime. When television does return, the task facing producers will be a formidable one, since they will be required to spring, fully armed, into a country whose geography is largely conjectural, at the behest of a public which is unlikely to be very patient of ineptitude. Anything in the nature of a straight film technique will almost certainly not do, even if the visual field has been enlarged during the experiments that have been going on since the outbreak of war. I think it very unlikely that television will ever supersede the film—any more than the latter has superseded the stage. The fact of *intimacy* remains, even when the speaker becomes visible: this, I believe, will continue to be the distinctive power in radio. With this factor in mind, the producer may confidently doff the Tarnhelm.

The British sergeant's account of Himmler's death will go into the archives of the B.B.C. among the more extraordinary and fortuitous triumphs of radio. A piece of story-telling as direct and forceful as this is very rare; and what a story! The fifth act of a Jacobean tragedy more lurid than any conceived by Webster or Tourneur.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*June 3rd.* Griller Quartet with Leon Goossens (2.30); *Dr. Thorne*, Episode 4 (8.30).

June 4th.—Haydn Surprise Symphony (6.45); Herbert Farjeon's *Review of Revues* (9.15); New Poems (10.15).

June 5th. Vaughan Williams' Serenade to Music (7.0); Bertrand Russell in the Brains Trust (8.15); The Raid on St. Nazaire (9.15).

June 6th. Symphony Concert (7.15); Flora Robson in *Ladies in Retirement* (G.S.P., 7.30).

June 7th. Brahms' Piano Quartet in G minor (6.20); King Henry IV, Episode 2 (9.30).

June 8th. Kendall Taylor (piano music, 8.0) "This is the Law"—10, Divorce (8.30).

June 9th. Symphony Concert (2.30); Fay Compton in *My Lady's Dress* (9.20).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

MUSIC

THE first performance of Schoenberg's *Ode to Napoleon* revealed one of the composer's most considerable works. He returns here to a medium in which he has specialised—the speaking voice with instrumental accompaniment. It was interesting to compare the new work with *Pierrot Lunaire*; at first hearing one feels it is unlikely that the *Ode to Napoleon* will prove to have a similar importance. *Pierrot Lunaire* came at a time when the escape from tonality was a new adventure with seemingly endless and exciting possibilities; to-day it has turned out to be a blind alley in which a rapidly dwindling group of composers are still groping for the way out. Moreover, Albert Giraud's poems, even when translated into German, lend themselves more easily to this kind of treatment than Byron's *Ode*, but the main particularities that for most people make the music difficult, if not impossible, to appreciate, are the same, namely, the composer's idiom and the use of *Sprechstimme*; nor does the fact that he is quite obviously a master (the string writing alone makes this evident) help much. Although the rise and fall of the voice and the exact rhythms are indicated by the composer, it is impossible to feel that the voice is really part of the music. The listener tries to concentrate on the poem and on the music in turns, but has great difficulty in hearing both at once. Credit must be given to all the performers of this most exacting piece, particularly to the conductor, Karl Rankl, the speaker, Cuthbert Kelly and the pianist, Else Cross.

A further performance of Britten's *Serenade* confirmed one's feeling that it is a work of profound beauty and masterly accomplishment. It would be difficult to find a contemporary work in which technical virtuosity was so well balanced by the quality of the material. Peter Pears gave a magnificent performance; he sang with irresistible conviction and effortless certainty, and was ably supported by the strings of the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Charles Gregory, who played the solo horn part.

LENNOX BERKELEY

THE MOVIES

"Profile of Britain," March of Time
"Children's Charter," M.O.I.
"The Childhood of Gorky" and "My Universities," at the Tatler
"La Bête Humaine," at the Carlton, Tottenham Court Rd.

White Papers and revivals provide the only excitement in the way of film-going. To take revivals first—and one agreeable effect of the war has been to keep good films in circulation—two sections of the Gorky autobiography can be seen together at the Tatler. Why not the third and middle piece, which we have never seen yet? However, here are the familiar adventures at both ends, and unless the undistributed middle sags badly, this is easily the most outstanding of screen biographies. It shares w the original a remarkable quality of realism a a passionate love of humanity. The *Childh* especially, will bear seeing more than once.

La Bête Humaine reappears at the Carlton—the oth the Tottenham Court Road Carlton—having suffe the ravages of time in all except appeal. But I rather see it here, with breaks and a slipping sou track than in the West End version, which the ba bariana renamed *Judas Was a Woman*.

The White Papers are *Statistics Relating to the W Effort of the United Kingdom*, filmed for us by t March of Time, and *The Education Act*, 1944, do by ourselves for ourselves. Both films are excelle The March of Time commentary reminds us of fa we may have forgotten: Britain provided over per cent. of the personnel and 71 per cent. of t losses in the armies of Commonwealth and Empire in 1945 more than half of the women in this count were engaged in war work; we lost 3,000 merchan men during five years of war, and built over 4½ milli tons of new shipping to replace them; and in incom tax—no need to go on with that. We are remind too, of the various phases on the home front: reg stration, rationing, black-out, Blitz, doodlebugs a rockets. So far as "the war effort" can be packe into twenty minutes' filming, here it is. *Profile Britain* ends on a question-mark, with two Civ Defence men talking about what the Government going to do for them and their lost businesses. The seem to be cheerfully sceptical.

Children's Charter is more optimistic, and reasonab so. It was made by the Crown Film Unit (Directo George Bryant), primarily for distribution by th M.O.I.'s mobile film units. In four months, it calculated, the film will have been seen by over on and three quarter million people: the people to whom it is specially addressed. *Children's Charter* show us what has been done, and will be done on a l larger scale in the future, to improve popular edu cation. Modern buildings, opportunities to specialise later school-leaving age, more scholarships to secondar schools, better teachers, post-school technical in struction, sports, recreation. If these glimpses o a village school at Impington (Cambridge), a far school in Wales, a Junior Technical College in Esse and a Day Continuation School at Rugby are an guide to what we may expect in the future, then th Education Act of 1944 will have effected a soci revolution indeed. Eton and Harrow may find them selves providing scholarships for their more promisin pupils to go to the local secondary school. I should like to add a word of praise for the manner in whic this film has been made. It is a model of its kind.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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RUSSIA AND POLAND

SIR,—In your signed personal article in the last NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, you refer to the "Orders of the Day issued mainly by radio from London to the Polish underground Movement," which "will be found to include instructions to act against the Red Army and against the interests of the Allies." The reference presumably is to the station described by your contemporary, *The Week*, as "the notorious 'Swit' radio in the Midlands which has called for the murder of Poles who are friendly to the Soviet Union."

Now on the assumption of the accuracy of both yourself and *The Week*, may I with all respect submit that it is just a little unreasonable for you to criticise the Russians for not publishing here and now a White Paper setting out the details of their case with regard to the sixteen arrested Poles, inclusive apparently of the "high-spots" of the "Swit" radio. For, after all, the implications of the allegations are formidable. They really involve that at least certain officials of the British Government (and of the War Office and Foreign Office in particular) are conniving at the use of British territory, *viz.*, the "Swit" radio in the Midlands, as a base for acts of war or, more technically, rebellion against both our Russian allies and the Allies in general, and also the Lublin Government, which as the result of the Yalta Agreement we have 99 per cent. recognised. The enormity of this is such from the point of view of international comity, let alone the barest elementary loyalty to an Ally under a Twenty-years Treaty, that it would be possibly undignified and certainly undiplomatic, for the U.S.S.R. to appeal to British public opinion over the head of the British authorities.

There should, however, certainly be a White Paper, as you suggest. But it should be published not by the Russian, but by the British Government. It should contain the following material:—

(*a*) The most drastic excerpts from the "Swit" radio.

(*b*) The names of both the makers and the writers of the broadcasts.

(*c*) Some particulars (however veiled) of the British officials, if any, whose duty it was to monitor the broadcasts.

(*d*) Particulars of the departments whose duty it is to take appropriate action against persons organising on British soil acts of war or rebellion against Russia.

(*e*) The amount of British money applied to financing the London Poles, and the approximate cost of financing the "Swit" radio station.

(*f*) Particulars of any Defence Regulations or other portions of our jurisprudence under which it is a criminal offence to incite from England the killing of members of an Allied Army. (I would tentatively suggest—Section 4 of the Offences Against the Persons Act, 1861—Conspiracy or encouragement to Murder.)

Broad Street House, E.C.2. HORACE SAMUEL

HOUSING

SIR,—Mr. A., who wishes to sell his house (built before the war at £800), with vacant possession, approaches Messrs. XYZ, Estate Agents, who agree to place the property on their books at £1,500. The agents immediately communicate with Mr. B., a speculator in "vacant possession" houses, with whom they have a mutual understanding, and ask if he is interested. He is, if the price is reduced to £1,350. Messrs. XYZ see Mr. A., tell him that, having inspected the house, they consider that he would have great difficulty in finding a purchaser at £1,500, and recommend him to take £1,350 for a quick sale. Mr. A., accepting this "professional advice" in good faith, sells to Mr. B., who promptly instructs the agents to resell at a minimum price of £1,600. Owing to the desperate shortage of houses, a customer is soon found in Mr. C., an ex-Service man who is paying an exorbitant rent for two furnished rooms; he buys the house for £1,600 from Mr. B. (even before the first purchase is completed).

This little story has a happy ending: Mr. A. has sold his house at a good profit, if not the profit he hoped for; Messrs. XYZ have made two lots of commission; Mr. B. has made £250; and Mr. C. has obtained the house he so urgently needed. Perhaps only a carping spirit would point out, amid this general felicity, that Mr. C., out of—perhaps with all—his savings, has paid £250 straight into the pocket of an unscrupulous shark, whose activities could very easily be made illegal by a less complacent Government.

65, Boundary Road, Wallington, Surrey. R. B. WALKER

SIR,—Your correspondent, Captain R. A. (B.L.A.), mentions the apathetic local authorities and the difficulty of convincing returning Service men that anything is being done to provide houses.

Some hundreds of thousands of men are to be released from the Services before the end of this year. The majority of men in these early release groups are middle-aged, married and with families. The Government has given these men the right to reinstatement in their pre-war jobs, but they will, of course, be unable to return to these jobs unless they can find housing accommodation in the area.

The Local Authorities have, it appears, a mandate to re-house bombed-out and evacuated civilian families, but so far as I can see, the released Service man does not figure in the programme.

The official attitude is well illustrated in my own case:—

I am the owner of a house in London, completed by me four months before the outbreak of war. I joined the Army in the first week of the war, and, of course, had to vacate my house. During the fly-bomb attacks my house was requisitioned by the Local Authority for a presumably bombed-out family. As my release is drawing near, I applied to the Council for the return of my house so that I can settle my family (youngest eight weeks old), and look for a job in the area of my home. I am informed by the Council that my house will be retained for bombed-outs until the housing programme has sufficiently progressed for the house to be no longer required for this purpose.

It has come as a surprise to me to find that after nearly six years in the Army I have apparently a low priority right to the occupation of my own house. Like most soldiers of my age (41) my personal war aim has been the immediate re-creation of my home on release. MAJOR R. E.

THE SOLDIERS' VOTE

SIR,—A few days ago, and quite by accident, I came across an important notice tucked away in a corner of the hospital ward which I then inhabited. This notice contained a précis of A.C.I. 127 of 1945, and said that all those who had filled in A.F.B. 2626 (Armed Forces Voting Register) could, in addition to the appointment of a proxy, have ballot papers sent direct by post if they obtained from the Orderly Room and completed A.F.B. 2639. Several weeks ago I inquired at the Orderly Room whether arrangements had been made for soldiers to vote by post, and I was told the proxy system was the only way. It so happens I take a keen interest in current politics, and am prepared to go to some trouble to make sure of my vote. At the same time I know this is not the case with the majority of my comrades. I cannot resist the conclusion that the Conservatives, having a shrewd suspicion where most of the Service votes will go, have determined to make the possession of that vote as difficult as possible. SOLDIER

THE REGISTER

SIR,—My name was omitted from the Food Office returns for the Electoral Register, although my ration

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JONATHAN CAPE

book and registration card were entirely in order. Owing to my absence on holiday for the short period during which omissions could be rectified, I am now in a position of being unable to vote. The registration authorities are apparently not empowered to add further names to the roll.

It is reprehensible that people who are anxious to exercise the rights of citizenship are prevented from doing so by an omission for which they are not themselves responsible.

MARGARET VAUGHAN
Edinburgh.

SERVICE CANDIDATES

SIR,—Parliamentary candidates now in the Army who contest the next General Election will forfeit one month's pay and allowances, a hardship for those who have no other income. Under War Office regulations issued last November, candidates are placed on the unemployed list and, therefore, lose pay, from the date of nomination until the declaration of the poll, normally, nine days excluding Sunday. The subsequent decision to allow the Services to vote by post extends this period by three weeks.

If it is felt that the Services should be well represented in the next House of Commons, should Service candidates and their families be so heavily penalised?

Leave with pay is granted for the purpose of attending selection committees and for other constituency activities prior to nomination day. A fair and simple solution would be either to grant leave with pay from nomination day to polling day or, a second best alternative, give release without pay for the same period.

SERVICE CANDIDATE

WOMEN CANDIDATES

SIR,—It is bewildering to see that only 68 women are standing for Parliament in the next general election, especially as throughout this war women have borne more than their full measure of sacrifice. However wise men are in social affairs, it is as necessary for women to look after those wise men as it is necessary for the men to look after the wise women.

It seems only right that we should assume in a world of equal effort that there should be equal representation, that is, all constituencies should elect one man and one woman.

WINSTER

IN THE RUSSIAN ZONE

SIR,—Your article on Russian-occupied German territory has been highly interesting, particularly in comparison with our own policy in British-occupied Germany. It would be very elucidating, to people familiar with political currents in Germany, if your correspondent could clear up one obvious ambiguity in his report:

Were those flags he saw flying from nearly every house in the Russian zone, black-red-gold—the flag of the German Republic; or were they black-white-red—the flag of the Hohenzollern Empire, later adopted by all the reactionary forces lined up against the Republic, and incorporated as the colour-scheme in the Swastika banner of Hitler's Third Reich?

B. F. C.

[Our correspondent informs us that the flags he saw were the Imperial colours of black-white-red. He was told, however, that the Russians permitted or encouraged the display of pre-Nazi flags. Presumably there were few Weimar flags left.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE LITTLE MAN

SIR,—Your judgment on Mr. de Valera in your article on "The Little Man" is, I submit, based on misinterpretation of his action, resulting from incomplete knowledge of the facts.

While the Press of the world has aroused anti-Irish feeling by giving prominence to the report of Mr. de Valera's call on the German Minister, what has scarcely been mentioned in the newspapers of Britain and not at all in the newspapers of the U.S.A. (if reports to date are correct) is that not only did the Irish Government send to the United States a message of sympathy on the death of President Roosevelt, but the Dáil adjourned for a day as a mark of respect, after an eloquent tribute had been paid to the late President by Mr. de Valera. It was clear that this tribute was a genuine expression of grief and represented the sentiment of the nation as a whole as well as Mr. de Valera's own feeling.

Nobody who is properly informed on Irish affairs ever thought for a moment that by his purely formal call on the German Minister Mr. de Valera was expressing a personal or official view on the moral issues involved in the war.

The publication of the less-than-half-truth regarding these two incidents, that small fraction of the truth most calculated to damage Ireland, and even to mislead you, Sir, is an example of the policy of distortion which has for so long characterised the reports in the British Press on Irish affairs.

Censorship of the Press was one of the many Emergency Powers of which the Irish Government divested itself, as was to be expected of this democratic government, immediately on the cessation of war in Europe. We in Ireland are now to learn freely what the British Press is saying about us and to confirm, what was already an open secret among us, that there are no lengths to which that Press will not go and has not gone to misrepresent the true facts. Your readers in this country will know that the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION stands almost alone in not distorting whatever information it chooses to publish about Ireland.

C. E. F. TRENCH
The Blue School,
Drogheda, Co. Louth,
Ireland.

METAPHOR AND TRUTH

SIR,—May I be permitted to assure "Lieut. R.A." that I do not believe even as much as he does of the Canute legend? Neither do I believe that the cow jumped over the moon. What then? Does the lieutenant think, because he is literal-minded, there shall be no more metaphorical cakes and ale?

ALLAN M. LAING

ORCHESTRA FEES

SIR,—On Saturday next a concert by the Hallé Orchestra is to be broadcast from the Royal Albert Hall, London. Since listeners in various parts of the country have written to express their pleasure at what they imagine to be the end of the dispute over broadcasting fees, may I be allowed space to say why their rejoicings are a little premature?

The Hallé Orchestra (along with the London Philharmonic, the Liverpool Philharmonic and the Scottish Symphony Orchestras) has for some time been unable to agree to the broadcasting of its concerts for the reason that the B.B.C. has been unwilling to bear what is considered to be a fair share of the heavy cost of the services rendered. On Saturday, in the concert promoted by the Royal Philharmonic Society, the B.B.C. is ready to bear such a share—hence the broadcast.

If the B.B.C. can now agree to pay precisely the same fee for the services of the above-named orchestras in concerts of their own promotion they are ready at once to co-operate in the fruitful task of making the British radio services truly representative of British musical institutions. If this is felt to be an unreasonable request, the orchestras concerned have expressed their readiness to submit the whole question of the adequacy of the fees paid to settlement by independent arbitration—thus showing their sincere desire for a just settlement of the dispute.

T. E. BEAN,
General Manager
The Hallé Concerts Society.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

QUEEN VICTORIA, like Dr. Johnson, is an endlessly interesting character; nor has any great writer developed a style more exactly self-revealing. Almost all the personages of the past whom we have the chance to know well were remarkable for their intellectual ability or their fineness of sensibility. Not so the Queen. At the same time we must resist the temptation to define her as an ordinary woman developed by extraordinary circumstances. Her congenital strength of will and strength of feeling were, I am convinced, uncommon. And so, I suspect, was her shrewdness: she had the advantage indeed of constant contact with the most eminent statesmen of the time, but how many monarchs have enjoyed a similar privilege without any apparent benefit! On the other hand, her limitations are fascinating. Like Oxford in Matthew Arnold's phrase, she was unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of her century. She developed from the pleasure-loving pupil of Lord Melbourne into the self-pitying widow of Prince Albert, but through the last fifty years of her reign, years of vertiginous change politically and socially, she scarcely modified her opinions. To her sense of duty she was rigorously obedient, but her sense of duty was uncertain and far more deeply coloured than she realised by her own convenience. She erected her prejudices into principles; she was one of the most prolific writers of a verbose age; and, because she was industrious, she never recognised that she was also self-indulgent. Her obstinacies now serve to heighten our respect for the wisdom of her successors. Every new light upon her character is welcome, and there is much rewarding material in the recently published book by Mrs. M'Clintock about her father, Sir Howard Elphinstone.*

It was in 1859 that Captain Elphinstone became Governor to the eight-year-old Prince Arthur, afterwards Duke of Connaught. Elphinstone was a Sapper aged twenty-eight; he was three-quarters Russian (or Balt) by blood, and had won the V.C. at Sebastopol. He remained n the Prince's service until his death in 1890; and his good sense, his tact and his devotion were such that he became one of the Queen's most trusted advisers, a friend comparable only with Dean Wellesley and Sir Henry Ponsonby. He emerges as a tactful governor, a wise counsellor, a delightful husband, an uncommonly gifted amateur painter, a vile architect, and a soldier who might have made a brilliant career if he had not sacrificed his promotion as well as his private life to the Royal service. His daughter's book about him, which is written with skill and good feeling, throws less light on his character than upon the Queen's, but then self-effacement is the first duty of those who wait upon princes. And after all, it is the Queen in whom we must be most interested.

Queen Victoria, as her letters to the Queen of Prussia have so candidly revealed, cared little for her elder children. But Prince Arthur succeeded in awaking the maternal feelings hitherto dormant. In 1852, she wrote in a memorandum to her husband:

> I have for some time wished to commit to *Paper* my views respecting Arthur . . . This Child is dear, *dearer* than any of the others put together, thus *after you* he is the *dearest* and *most precious* object to *me* on *Earth* . . . It gives me a pang if any fault is found in his looks and character, and the bare thought of his growing out of my hands and being exposed to danger—makes the tears come to my eyes.

Two years later (to Elphinstone):

> She may *here own* to the Major, she has loved our little Arthur from the day of his birth.

And over the word "loved" she added "adored."

The Prince of Wales on the other hand, was already giving trouble. His knowledge of English was "very imperfect"—was his German better, one wonders?—and the Queen complained of his "unhappy temper" and "defective mental qualities": "One cannot fix his attention even on a novel." He lolled on the table at meals; and used to ill-treat and beat the boys provided as his companions so that the parents—"at least, some of them"—refused to send their children to play with him.

Such was the situation when the Prince Consort suddenly died. Elphinstone was summoned, as he thought, to view the "dear remains."

> I saw instead the Queen lying on the sofa, at her side on the floor Princess Alice supporting her; behind her Princess Helena sobbing violently. The Prince of Wales just hiding the Princess Leiningen, stood at the front of the sofa, deeply affected but quiet. I was so unprepared for all this that I hesitated, almost retreated, until the voice of the Queen and her outstretched hand called me to my senses and I went forward, but unable to speak; at last clutching my hand and with a violent effort she ejaculated: "You will not desert me? You will all help me?"

Three weeks later the Queen wrote: "The accounts of dear Arthur are very cheering, but *all* that would cheer her is mixed with anguish and grief, as she can't impart it to her Darling Lord." Elphinstone was bidden to remind Arthur constantly of his terrible loss; he must take care, too, to "make poor little Leopold understand that his return will be a very sad one, that he comes back to a House of Mourning and that his poor broken-hearted mother cannot bear noise, excitement, etc." An interesting instance of the bad example set by the Queen is offered by the similar behaviour of Elphinstone's widow. The shock of his death, we are told, turned her to stone; silence was her only refuge, and the result was "a strange and difficult atmosphere" for his growing children. To-day such conduct in a mother would be thought disgustingly self-indulgent; in the Victorian age it seems to have commanded nothing but applause.

The Queen was undoubtedly distinguished by extraordinary violence of feeling. When she asked Elphinstone to continue in his charge for four years more, she explained:

> . . . that is to say till the end of the year '66, if *D.V.* Arthur and Leopold should (as the Queen trusts and prays that may be alive at that time tho' she doubts (and SHE hopes) she may no longer be in this World).

The punctuation and grammar are as unrestrained as the emotion. Four and a half years after Prince Albert's death, she writes:

> She quite approves of his taking Prince Arthur to Aldershot. Her heart ever sinks within her when she hears that name and thinks of those *very* happy very enjoyable days there *where* all was owing to our beloved Prince's creation, and she feels that *she* NEVER CAN go there again . . . It seems to her as though *no one* else ought now to go there.

The Queen's first cousin, the King of Hanover, appears in this book insisting "that the sun is not the sun as we suppose it to be, but a 'hole in the heavens.'" Is this much more extravagant than the Queen's feeling that Aldershot should be for ever kept inviolate from the human eye?

At the age of seventeen, Prince Arthur succeeded in passing the entrance examination to Woolwich. The Queen was properly grateful to Elphinstone, and the Princess Royal sent her congratulations from Berlin.

> Deeply thankful should I be to Providence if my boys were already so well started in life. I could then lie down content in my grave . . .

Once again we are faced by the enigma of Victorian sentiment. The Princess Royal was a happily married woman: Was then this talk of lying down content in the grave mere humbug? My friend, Mr. Rylands, suggests to me, from his knowledge of the Elizabethan Age, that it was rather a fashion for hyperbole such as had then prevailed. In any case, we must, I believe, when studying the Victorians, accept the fact that they commonly felt much more violently than most people do to-day. In that peaceable era the prosperous classes had no need to be stoical, and would indeed have thought it discreditable to be "hard-boiled."

The prudery of the age also shows in a curious light. When Prince Arthur had smallpox, the doctors insisted on the absolute necessity of calling in a nurse.

> Major Elphinstone at first combated this idea as he knew Your Majesty's objection to anything of the kind, but as they firmly maintained their opinion it was at length decided that the nurse should sit for the night in the little study adjoining the Prince's bedroom, but that the door between the two rooms should be shut, and that the nurse should *not* come unless she heard the Prince ring his handbell. Fortunately her presence was not needed at all . . .

And then there is the following letter from the Queen about Princess Christian's pregnancy.

> It would really be well if Major Elphinstone gave Prince Arthur a hint *not* to enquire or make remarks why Princess Christian did *not* attend the reception, merely saying she was *not* very strong just now, in short without saying more to tell him not to ask questions or make remarks to anyone.

"Without saying more"—the Queen seems to assume that her son, aged almost seventeen, cannot yet be told "the facts of life."

A few years later she becomes agitated by Prince Arthur's entry into adult life:

> Alas! she feels more and more *how* her children become strangers to her and no longer fit in with her ways and habits (which she thinks simple and good) when they once go out a great deal into Society. She grieves over it . . .

The Prince of Wales had from the first been a cause of anxiety, the Duke of Edinburgh was worse. (As a boy, Prince Arthur was never allowed to be alone with him.) And now Elphinstone had instructions rained upon him. Prince Arthur must not smoke. Hunting was dangerous; so was yachting—"the *very worst* people" came to Cowes for the regatta. The Queen hoped and trusted that he *never* went *behind* the scenes on his visits to the theatre. She wished he had not gone to the Derby *with Alfred*—"It is considered the worst place of all." "It is deeply regretted by *all* that *Ascot* should be *visited* THIS year by the Prince of Wales, and the Queen *has* done ALL she can to prevent it, but in vain." "She feels *very anxious* about it for the *future*. The Prince of Wales is wrong as to example being *no* use. What can be done? It is a constant worry to the Queen." "She is really greatly alarmed at the Prince of Wales' passion for racing. He goes everywhere in search of them and the Queen hears to her horror, loses a good deal of money. How will that end, and what an example!"

An entertaining episode is a visit made to Germany by the Duke of Connaught in search of an appropriate bride. The Queen sent a long list of available Princesses.

> The Queen does not wish to mention *all* of these to Prince Arthur for fear of alarming him, but it is well he should look about, else these Princesses may get snapped up.

She was admirably anxious for his happiness: "*Money* WITHOUT goodness or affection is useless."

> The Queen thinks he should see every possible Princess, if *no one* SUITS abroad, a young lady of the Nobility, *well brought up* . . . is perfectly possible and allowable, and *far* better than an *unsuitable* Princess.

So appalled was she by one rumour of his probable choice that she wrote: ". . . the Queen *don't believe it*." And she was reduced to writing to Elphinstone in the first person to avoid confusion between the various queens referred to. A visit to Austria excited particular alarm because of what the Queen called "the almost universally disreputable Vienna ladies."

This attempted nuptial flight seems to have infected Elphinstone (who had now been made a K.C.B.), for he engaged himself to marry a girl of twenty. (He was forty-six.) The marriage proved ideally happy, and when the Duke of Connaught married, Lady Elphinstone became the Duchess's Lady. The Queen stood godmother to their eldest child, sending a gold mug. Among other presents to her justly beloved Sir Howard was a photograph of herself with John Brown; "It is beautifully engraved and the likeness of herself (rather a portly elderly lady) and her good, faithful attendant and friend are both she thinks, very good." The reference to her own

* *The Queen Thanks Sir Howard.* By MARY HOWARD M'CLINTOCK. *Murray.* 18s.

appearance has that simplicity which endeared the Queen, despite her often inconsiderate ways, to so many who served her.

If space allowed, I should enjoy offering many more quotations from this delightful and revealing book. The background is excellently painted. Here, for instance, is an account of travelling in 1879, before the use of dining-cars and corridor-coaches.

> When royal ladies shyly requested that the train should stop at some station, all the coaches were liable to be shunted back and forth for several minutes on arrival, to make sure that the royal saloon should be drawn up exactly opposite a red carpet flanked by two lines of bowing officials leading from the door of the carriage to that of the compartment labelled "Dames."

We must all be grateful not only to Mrs. M'Clintock, but to the King who has allowed her to publish the extracts from Queen Victoria's letters. Now that the last of her children is dead, we may humbly hope that His Majesty will command a further publication of her so fascinating correspondence.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

TOWARDS PEACE

World War, Its Cause and Cure. By LIONEL CURTIS. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

The Second Chance—America and the Peace. Edited by JOHN B. WHITTON. *Oxford University Press.* 16s. 6d.

Towards World Recovery. By HENRY CARTER. *National Peace Council.* 2s. 6d.

Above all Nations. By GEORGE CATLIN, VERA BRITTAIN, SHEILA HODGES. *Gollancz.* 2s. 6d.

The views of Mr. Lionel Curtis must be seriously considered, for he commands great influence as what he calls a "political consultant." He meets and advises important people, who, if he reports them accurately, must also be stupid people. Unfortunately his conversation seems to be confined to them. He does not think that any conception has been realised till it has been stated publicly by a marquis, or at the least by an ambassador; and since the peerage and the diplomatic corps are not specially articulate, Mr. Curtis says sadly that he is a voice crying in the wilderness. His cries are that a world of unbridled national sovereignties is anarchical and doomed to war, and that Great Britain is not strong enough in isolation to maintain peace. This is puzzling to common people like me, who have grasped these postulates perfectly well for a generation, and who have long seen them sink from the datum line of discussion at League of Nations Union meetings to a position so basic that it is taken for granted and needs no mention. To us, for instance, Lord Lothian was an honest but slow thinker who did not realise till 1935 that States must surrender important sovereign rights. To Mr. Curtis his Burge Lecture of that year was a revolutionary lead. But if Mr. Curtis had cared to mingle with politically-conscious people, instead of inhabiting the preserves of the powerful rich, which is indeed a wilderness of monkeys, he would be incapable of writing:—

> Since the time of Washington, Lincoln, Root, Lothian, Beveridge and Salter are the only men in public life who have not bowed the knee to Leviathan, and have warned the world that wars will continue to destroy freedom and civilisation till national States begin to merge their sovereignties into one international sovereignty.

This book therefore argues repeatedly what is too generally accepted to need argument. Apart from the song of the cuckoo, I have never attended to so iterative a strain; the same themes, the same illustrations, the same quotations are used over and over till the reader is dizzy; the work would be more effective if it was shorter by two-thirds. It is based upon a joyless religion. Mr. Curtis believes that the will of God and the meaning of life are summed up in the duty to put the interests of others before self; this is "dedication"; loyalty to the State and the power to make others be loyal also; a loyalty which must be enlarged to include mankind. Now this creed, in its emphasis on duty, is so reminiscent of Nazism that it leaves the mind uneasy. As anyone can see who studies the totalitarian nations, too much sense of duty and not too little is the menace of our age. In any case, how can any civilian in the wars of our day write of duty? Even the privileged, for whose advantage the whole social system is arranged, have paid the debt they owe: the unprivileged, who owe no debt, have made an uncovenanted gift of their lives.

But roll up your sleeve and plunge your hand into these long, dank, mossy fibres of doctrine, and beneath them your fingers will encounter a hard stare of sense. Mr. Curtis proposes an immediate federation of Britain with some of the Dominions, for the purposes of defence and foreign policy. He would have a government directly elected for the Federation, with power to tax for defence on the basis of the incomes of the people included. Quebec should be its capital, since tank and air exercises need large spaces. The Federation is to consist of Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand; it may, the author thinks, attract South Africa presently and the Western democracies of Europe one day—the United States also.

Mr. Curtis's reason for urging federation is that peace will be assured if the democracies are too strong to be attacked. Now a limited federation within the Commonwealth would be stronger than Britain alone, and should be tried accordingly. But to pretend that it could keep up arms enough to be secure is plainly nonsense. Also the author's belief that it would produce a better policy than the States did in the League of Nations is questionable. Curtis is a constitutional expert, and trusts too much in constitutional arrangements. In a British federation of 1935, Neville Chamberlain would have been elected premier of the Tory-dominated Federal House, and would have encouraged Fascist aggression just as he did in League days. Bad faith and imbecility in British rulers ought to have been the target for Mr. Curtis's wrath, not the League, which we joined with the appeasers to destroy. He prophesies for Dumbarton Oaks the same failure and dissolution as overtook the League because it will have an "inorganic," that is, a non-federal structure. This disregards the patent fact that power to make peace or war now rests mainly in the hands of Russia and the United States, and that as these States are both, in differing ways, undergoing a phase of exuberant nationalism, we shall be lucky if they co-operate in any world organisation which involves the surrender of the national right of war.

The Second Chance is a symposium of Princeton professors, interesting as an American view of the future. John B. Whitton, the editor, is distinguished by a lucid, simple style which might serve as a model for writers on world politics. The main interest of the book is perhaps the contrast between the willingness of the political thinkers to face changes in the world order, and the inability of the economic expert, Frank D. Graham, to look over the wall of capitalist nationalism. There is a chapter on America's worst headache in international affairs, the powers of the Senate.

Towards World Recovery is an essay in functionalism, the belief that the key to world peace is the process of tackling different international problems piecemeal. It contains a useful collection of plans of organs such as U.N.R.R.A., the Food and Agriculture Organisation, the I.L.O. The weakness of the functional method

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is that it overlooks psychology; an immense emotional urge is needed to get any international activity going, and this motive power, which is really political, is impossible to harness to a series of unrelated bodies. The success of the League's health and nutrition campaigns was due to their being part of the whole complex of world progress centred so that world opinion could vitalise them; it is cheering that San Francisco grasps this interdependence of peace and construction.

Above All Nations is an anthology of kind and generous actions done by enemy to enemy in this war. Some are conventional like military honours paid by Germans to a killed British officer; some legal, like the sparing of submarined civilians, some spontaneous like the German soldier in hospital offering his neighbour, an English prisoner, a cigarette, some deliberate risings above hate, like a Jew calling his Nazi torturer "Meine Freunde." How can such things be classified, even as exceptions to the brutality of war? Most men involved in modern war are not brutal; are not inspired by personal greed or hatred; they are merely agents of an insensate international system. The same man will kill as many enemies in battle as he can, or give his life next day to snatch a bomb from the hand of an enemy or child. Perhaps the main lesson of this book is that, for good or evil, most men are conditioned by contemporary standards, and that standards of private behaviour are far higher than those of communal conduct.

FREDA WHITE

TWO OF THE MASTERS

Schubert. By ARTHUR HUTCHINGS. **Dvorak.** By ALEC ROBERTSON. (The Master Musicians: edited by Eric Blom.) *Dent.* 6*s.* 6*d.* each.

Both the new volumes of this exceedingly well-planned and useful series can be recommended: the Dvorak most cordially, the Schubert with certain reservations.

Mr. Hutchings knows his material well, makes capital use of letters and diaries, is interesting on the music, and contrives to say things about the "Unfinished" and the C major Symphonies that are both original and true. Then why doesn't one enjoy his book more? Partly a question of style. That an author should want to avoid the nasty word "highbrow" is natural and even laudable; but "those with a wide space between nose and forelock" is far worse. It is patronising to refer to Schumann as "dear Robert"; and it is silly to drop into a facetious manner comprehensible only to a closed circle:

> One is aware that until recently at a certain institution the performance of Brahms's F minor Sonata was a matter like holy orders, not to be lightly undertaken; one practised secretly, rose early on the appointed morning, examined the pedigree of everyone listening and osculated the keyboard. The rite may survive to this day, but one finds that initiates play false after a little buffeting in this sinful vale. They take the sacred text off the shelf and deliberately play only the nice, tubby Johanny-bits. . . .

Royal College or Royal Academy? Who cares?

True these lapses are infrequent and might have been ignored but for something else; an occasional failure in sympathy, whether innate or induced it is hard to say. There appears to be much in Schubert's life and art that the author either deplores, or at any rate feels he ought to deplore. Schubert was flabby. This word, a great favourite of the schoolmaster, appears immediately on page one; and we are soon informed that, to posterity, "Schubert the man does not seem particularly attractive." But doesn't he? I should say, on the contrary, that there are many amateurs who find in Schubert—not in the pasteboard hero of *Lilac Time* but in the portraits, in the diaries and recollections of his circle and, of course, in the immensely self-revealing music—the most personally lovable and companionable of all the great masters. There are times when Mr. Hutchings himself appears to feel this almost universal affection for "dear Franz"; but he remains severe. One feels that at the outset he must have written on a placard opposite his desk: "Mustn't sentimentalise! *A bas Biedermeier!* No lilacs for Mr. Hutchings." Even Schubert's poverty is played down. "With our trusts, scholarships, gramophone societies and broadcasting committees, are our leading composers very much better off financially than Schubert?" The answer to that question is "yes, very much"; particularly if one adds (as one must) "radio and film commissions." But Mr. Hutchings goes on to make one of his first-rate points when he insists that, whether poor or not, Schubert never in his life, so far as the evidence shows, "did a single piece of work which he did not wish to do." That, we may all agree, is a state of affairs guaranteed to make even the most successful of contemporary composers envious.

In Dvorak Mr. Robertson has a much flatter personality to handle, and does his best with a somewhat stolid success story. An impression is created of a good, honest Bohemian peasant with an addiction to early bedtime so extreme that he could hardly bother to stay up even for performances of his own operas; and with a remarkable fixation on railway engines. In Prague, in Vienna, in New York it was always the same: what made his day was the visit to the railway station:

> He made a particular point of noting the opus numbers of the locomotives and—which cannot have been so easy—the names of their drivers. In later years when he was teaching at the Conservatoire he would send one of his pupils down to the yards to find out which engine was going to take out an express train on that day. His favourite pupil and future son-in-law, Josef Suk, got into trouble for returning with the number not of the engine but of the coal-tender. "So that," remarked Dvorak to his daughter, with ironic humour, "is the kind of man you want to marry."

The central thesis of Mr. Robertson's book is that Dvorak never consistently (in spite of isolated masterpieces) reconciled the Czech nationalism and the German classicism which were the two poles of his musical personality. In the course of an exhaustive *catalogue raisonné* of Dvorak's output the author, I note with pleasure, has kind words to say (where a second-rate critic would have felt obliged to sniff) about those justly famous trifles "Humoresque" and "Songs My Mother Taught Me." Since there is evidently not a trace of the snob in Mr. Robertson, one has to take seriously his marked dislike for the "New World" Symphony; even the glorious *Largo* comes in for hard words. Well, he is in good company, including Sir Henry Hadow and Mr. Constant Lambert. But I still think the rest of us are right.

The great value of these volumes, however, lies in the temptation which they offer us to browse among the less familiar works of the great masters. One can go to a concert every week of one's life and still miss many of the most delectable treasures of Western music. Until its recent broadcast, for instance, how many of us had ever heard Dvorak's masterly *Requiem?* How many of Schubert's six hundred songs would the average music-lover recognise? When the conditions of peace return the B.B.C. must help us to explore the immensely rich heritage to which these two volumes and their fellows point.

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ABOUT EDUCATION

The Content of Education. By VARIOUS AUTHORS. *University of London Press.* 8s. 6d.

The University and the Modern World. By ARNOLD NASH. *S.C.M. Press.* 12s. 6d.

Adult Education for Democracy. H. C. SHEARMAN. *W.E.A.* 3s. 6d.

I have been reading parts—I cannot lay claim to have read them all—of three books on education. The experience is depressing. I know of no ground on which pomp and platitude parade for so enjoyable a field-day, and of no subject—with the possible exception of theology—which attracts authors whose winds are so formidably long. As far as I can see, there is little or no agreement on what education is for, on what it should contain, or for how long it should continue. Unless a man knows fairly definitely what he thinks on all these points, it is permissible to doubt whether his book on education will serve any useful purpose. Meanwhile, where knowledge is lacking, writers tend to supply its place by converting their conjectures into dogmas or to conceal its absence by a blanket of platitude wrapped in cotton-wool.

Of the first two books on my list, the authors of *The Content of Education* tend to adopt the second, Mr. Nash the first alternative.

The Content of Education, an interim Report of the Council for Curriculum Reform, contains proposals for the Reform of the School Curriculum. In the dark days of 1940 a number of people met in Oxford under the auspices of the Association for Education in Citizenship and the New Education Fellowship to consider how school curricula could and should be reformed. Inevitably, they quickly found themselves talking "about the fundamental factors which affect all curricula"; in other words, about what education is *for*, what constitutes a good citizen, what sort of society is likely to emerge from the war, and so on. With an equal inevitability, committees were set up and, presently, a committee to co-ordinate the work of the committees; later, the committees merged into a Council, the Council for Educational Reform. Some money—not, alas, very much, the authors complain; in point of fact, £75—was contributed by the Institute of Education and the London Co-operative Society, and after four and a half years an interim Report has been drawn up. Others are to follow.

We are told that from the first there was difficulty over religion—ought education to be religious through and through, or ought religion to be excluded altogether? Nobody seemed to know—over the arts—the members of the "sub-committee concerned with the arts" found difficulty in fitting themselves into the framework of the general scheme, and, but for the exertions of Mr. Herbert Read, would never have done so—while many important subjects are omitted from the Report owing to lack of time and money.

What of substance is, in fact, conveyed? First, a central theme, the social relevance of education. Who, one wonders, could disagree? Secondly, that "useful subjects are better worth attention than useless ones." No doubt. Thirdly, that "science" is "the most powerful product of man's brain and some would add also 'the hope of his salvation.'" I am not surprised to hear that the "arts" felt uncomfortable, and the Christians doubtful. We are next told in italics that "science teaching must take account of the nature of the child and the nature of society. . . ." But really the book is almost all like that. There is much formidable talk and high-toned discussion—"at any stage the needs of the child at that stage should lead to a horizontal integration; the common purpose of education should integrate it vertically throughout the educational process." I wonder what that means; after reading the chapter on the importance of using English clearly, I am still wondering—and the words used are many and long, but in spite of the claim that "this book does break new ground and does suggest a fresh . . . approach to the curriculum problem," there is precious little in it that a good teacher does not already know. The good teacher, for example, does not need to be told (at length) to relate his teaching to the child's experiences and capabilities, and after a day spent in the hard work of teaching a class of fifty to read, will not be illuminated and may even be irritated to learn that he must make sure that the child becomes "expert in the intelligent use of language." Reduce the size of classes to manageable dimensions, pay teachers properly, give them a decent social status, free the schools from the tyranny of the examination system, and most of what the authors advocate will accrue.

Mr. Nash's book succeeds in being both platitudinous and dogmatic. It is very painstaking; from the bibliography one would gather that he has read almost every book on philosophy, theology, politics, history and the social sciences written in the last twenty-five years, yet he tells us regretfully that it is very far from exhaustive and seems to reproach himself for remissness. It is also very high-minded; "it has been the main preoccupation of my waking—and sometimes of my sleeping—hours to ascertain the part played by the scientific movement in the creation of the modern world. ("I wonder how many chalks"—as Samuel Butler wonders about Mendelssohn, who tells us that he sat for two hours in the Tribune Room in the Uffizi Gallery gazing at the pictures—Mr. Nash gave himself for being filled with this major preoccupation—especially when asleep? "But," as Samuel Butler remarks, "perhaps if the truth were known his two hours were not quite two hours.")

What does it all amount to? That the universities are cut off from the modern world and conduct their activities in a vacuum; that one of the reasons for this is the disastrous split introduced (a) by individualism and (b) by science between the life of the mind and the general social context in which thought must function. For scientific individualism, as Mr. Nash calls it, expresses itself in the view that the mind can function without presuppositions and that thought in general and science in particular can, therefore, be objective. This belief is denounced as a delusion. The Nazis and Communists have both seen through it, and by explicitly avowing their own presuppositions have healed the split. In this they are right—right to see that knowledge springs from preconceived ideas, is conditioned by non-rational factors and must serve purposes; right, then, to insist that the university must set out to produce a particular kind of approved type. Unfortunately, it is the wrong type. What, then, is the type that Mr. Nash approves? Answer, the Christian type. His complaint is that whereas theology should be the queen of the sciences, providing the context within which, as it were, the other studies should be pursued and pervading, though not dictating—not, *of course*, dictating—their conclusions and results, the bearing of Christian thought upon secular knowledge is, at present, ignored so that "the teacher is left to live in a *bi*-verse and not a *uni*verse—in short, he becomes a Christian 'schizophreniac.'" What, then, is wanted is a new synthesis to heal the split between Christian and secular thought, and this can only be achieved if there can be found or formed "a fellowship of lay theologians or Christian scholars who would view it as part of their vocation as a Christian intelligentsia to create a Christian world view within which the conclusions of the specialised subjects of the university curriculum could be given their ultimate meaning in terms of a specifically Christian philo-

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phy." The recipe seems somewhat familiar. It has, I suspect, been invoked before. Unfortunately, it labours under two difficulties: (1) the difficulty of making Christian dogmas credible to the modern mind; (2) the difficulty of inducing those who give verbal or, it may be, intellectual assent to them, to pay any attention in their practice to the precepts of the creed they are supposed to profess. Mr. Nash offers no recipe for overcoming either of these difficulties.

For Mr. Shearman's book I have nothing but praise. He sets out to give an account of the need for and purposes of adult education and of the machinery by means of which the Workers' Educational Association and other organisations seek to meet the one and to further the other. Mr. Shearman, who is the Education Officer of the Workers' Educational Association, knows the adult education movement inside out, and I do not see how his account of it could be bettered. To read it after the preceding two books is to take a breath of fresh air and a dose of common sense.

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In the introduction to this volume Señor Lafuente writes with a natural knowledge of the religious motives which have influenced his country's painting, and with justice warns critics of the habit, during the last century, of setting down everything to influences and imitation (a habit not only reserved to the last century). With patriotic zeal to avoid this mistake, Señor Lafuente has doubted any direct influence on Velazquez from Caravaggio, but, instead, he has tended to present him as a solitary figure, alone representing the Counter-Reformation in the painting of Spain. Whether an example of Caravaggio's work had reached Andalusia in time to influence the generation of Velazquez or not, it is as difficult to believe the young Spaniard had no knowledge of the naturalism and chiaroscuro of the painter of "The Supper at Emmaus" in the National Gallery or in Milan, as it would be to believe Manet had no knowledge of the painter of the boy in the "Old Cook" (plate 5).

The one influence on Velazquez, which no one has doubted, yet whose name is only mentioned twice in casual reference by Señor Lafuente, was El Greco, and he and Caravaggio were most probably in Venice at the same time and both being influenced by the Bassani in matters of naturalism and chiaroscuro. Pacheco, the teacher and father-in-law of Velazquez, visited El Greco in the latter's old age and studied and wrote of his methods, while Velazquez was the self-proclaimed disciple of Luis Tristan (the only pupil of El Greco to appear influenced both by him and Venice, separately, through Sanchez-Coello), according to Palomino, who was alive before the death of Velazquez. Therefore, it seems probable Velazquez was conscious of new trends through El Greco, if not through Ribera and Zurbaran, and granted that he epitomised the glory of Spanish Baroque, El Greco (the Greek) epitomised the Baroque of all Europe.

That Velazquez should have been influenced by El Greco was to his credit, and Señor Lafuente would do even fuller justice to him were he to acknowledge this in the same way as Velazquez paid such a noble tribute to El Greco by bringing up his picture of the Martyrdom of St. Maurice and the Theban legion from its cellar corner of disgrace in the Escorial and then used the composition of the lances in his own "Las Lanzas" (plate 73) as well as the colouring of the landscape. In no other way can the fact be explained that the cold greys, blues and greens associated with the Spanish school, and brought from Byzantium by El Greco, remained paramount when the North was predominated by the warm palette of Rubens.

The two great contemporaries of Velazquez whom Señor Lafuente mentions are Rubens, who spent nine months in intimacy with Velazquez in Madrid in 1628, and Rembrandt. Rubens appears to have left little mark, though the sketch for the head of Apollo in "The Forge of Vulcan" (plate 44), painted in 1630, has a lot in common with similar oil sketches by Rubens. No less important than these influences on Velazquez are the influences by him on painters of the last century. Since Manet's journey to Spain, traces of his work can be found in almost every portrait painter, and it was the result of this journey that reintroduced the essential use of black into European painting.

One very great technical advance was made by Velazquez, and, entirely by coincidence, can be noticed in Rembrandt as well. This was in the brilliant usage of impasto and glazes. The materials and embroideries worn by the Infantes and Infantas are often painted in the thinnest rubs of transparent colour, and over these, when dry, is imposed the lyrical "caligraphy" which make up the costume detail, whilst over this a final glaze completes the perfect "reading" of the picture. Rembrandt often employs the same method as in the "Woman Bathing" in the National Gallery, and the exquisite detailed plate of the hand of the Infanta Margarita (plate 151), saving for the drawing of the actual hand (something at which Velazquez so often fell short) could be confused in technical ability with a detailed enlargement of a hand by Rembrandt such as that of the "Auctioneer." Probably, however, the greatest achievements in pure painting which Velazquez produced were in the buffoons and half-wits who surrounded the forbidding Escorial court. In my memory the picture of Perña (plate 86) stands out from amongst all his other works in the Prado, whilst the other clowns are painted with a sympathy and pathos opposed to the mad models of Géricault so full of hatred and malice.

The unfinished portrait of his daughter, *The Seamstress* (plate 93), is a surprise and a revelation.

The details of pictures shown make one long for more, but to criticise where gratitude is due, and to pick holes when the fabric of all artistic reviewing lies moth-eaten in the "Press lords'" cupboards, would be an ignoble gesture, so, in ending, another deep-felt "thank you" must be written to the Phaidon Press on the publication of this book.

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(Victoria 2738)

book we know two things: that the title doesn't mean a thing, but that the author means business. Publishers permitting, he intends to dish out the rest of the rhyme to us in equally meaningless titles at regular intervals. *The Rope Began to Hang the Butcher* is the sequel to *The Rat Began to Gnaw the Rope*, in which Mr. Grafton's detective lawyer, Gilmore Henry, took his first slam at the public. Henry is a more modest and law-abiding version of Perry Mason, without that Californian's acumen and plus a liberal allowance of fat—his weight is 195 lbs. whenever he hits the floor, which is often. Although synthetically constructed he emerges with a character of his own and even a certain nondescript charm. His detective procedure is disarming: —"The trouble is I'm so stupid I don't know when I'm on the trail or off it." But his persistence in the chase is indomitable; and I've no doubt he will run down the next eight lines of the nursery rhyme in the course of a year or two. *The Rope Began to Hang the Butcher* is a disappearance case. A gentleman has been missing from home for seven years, and his relations are about to assume death and claim the insurance. These disappearance cases tend to take the same line across country, and though Mr. Grafton does his best with camouflage it is not hard to recognise the familiar landmarks. Still the book is quite exciting and most readable.

Green for Danger is also an exciting story until the murders begin. A postman, Higgins, is injured in a night raid during the blitz, and brought in to a war hospital. Next morning he is taken to the operating theatre for a simple fracture of the femur—and most mysteriously dies under the anæsthetic. It's murder; and old Dr. Moon, young Dr. Barnes, Mr. Eden, the Harley Street surgeon, Sister Bates and three V.A.D.'s are all incontrovertibly suspect without a vestige of motive. So far, it's a splendid plot with all the delightful trappings of hospital murder. But then Miss Brand's inspiration peters out. Her Inspector Cockrill, a dim figure, has no idea of detection, except to herd the suspects together until they start murdering each other. She herself treats detection as a game in which the author must at *all* costs baffle the reader. Fortuitous circumstances have to conspire to aid the villain; and the villain has to be mad. Oh! very well. We can just stand that. But why must the other six, who are not paranoiac, have the dice so loaded against them by accidents that they can never clear themselves of guilt? No, the only interest in the latter half of the book is to watch Miss Brand's frantic juggling to keep all her seven suspects rolling until the last page.

Call the Next Witness fits into no category. Mr. Woodruff describes the police investigation into the death of a Hindu lady in Northern India. Though written as fiction the book is based on the author's practical experience of the tortuous unreliability of Indian evidence and the dubious methods of Indian police. A few hours after a quarrel with her husband the Hindu lady's body is cremated. How did she die? The police decide to pin a charge of murder on the husband; and the rest of the book is devoted to the private lives of the witnesses and the manœuvres involved in bringing them to testify in court. The description of Indian habits and thoughts is most convincing and at the same time disheartening. Mr. Woodruff is right in thinking that India is no place for a detective story. In a country where no one is interested in the truth the solution of mysteries is unwarrantable. And at the end of this fascinating novel, it is still anyone's guess how the Hindu lady met her death.

The incorrigible crudity of all thrillers is what their readers love and what makes them almost indistinguishable. *Trademark of a Traitor* is perhaps the least banal of these three. An American couple in Central America save the Western Hemisphere from Nazidom under tropical conditions. *Death Came in Straw* to the Japanese Embassy in London a few days before Pearl Harbour, and then trails off in drugs and depravity to the coast of Essex. *Green Hazard* is a jocular account of one of our master spies' homicidal activities in Berlin.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

TRAHERNE

Thomas Traherne: A Critical Biography. By GLADYS I. WADE. *Princeton University Press. Humphry Milford, Oxford.* 20s.

Miss Gladys Wade has played an important part in the exciting adventure of rediscovering the works and the personality of Thomas Traherne. In 1932 she edited the complete edition of his poems and we owe a number of interesting biographical facts to her devoted and intelligent research. In this book the whole detective story is lucidly set out; Mr. William T. Brooke's astonishing find on a second-hand book-barrow in 1895; the ascription of Traherne's poems to Henry Vaughan; the discerning doubts of Bertram Dobell; the discovery of the true authorship and Miss Wade's own pursuit of biographical clues. We have here as full an account of Traherne's life-story as we are ever likely to get and can learn how "a shoemaker's son of Hereford," born between 1637 and 1639, became not only the Chaplain to Sir Orlando Bridgeman, Keeper of the King's Seal, but one of the masters of English religious prose.

In the second half of her book, Miss Wade gives a critical account of each of Traherne's works and relates both his thought and his style to the period in which he lived. Here and there in her account of the surrounding intellectual world she provokes disagreement, or at least raises a doubt in the reader's mind. He may, for instance, be perplexed by the implied denigration of George Herbert when she writes:

> It has been possible for Miss Underhill herself seriously to misjudge Traherne, and group him as a poet with Herbert and those who drew their inspiration from *The Temple*. It is a still more fundamental error to group him with them as having the same attitude towards the religious life. No taster is Traherne, no manufacturer of second-hand Platonics, however charming, but, as his books beyond argument proclaim him, a great and strenuous and triumphant seeker after God, a mystic of the first order.

But Herbert is a better poet than Traherne and, although less often "triumphant," he is as serious a seeker.

Again, perhaps Miss Wade under-estimates the number and variety of seventeenth-century religious thinkers who were advancing along the road of mutual toleration; such men as Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor or John Milton. She rightly discerns Traherne's affinity to the Cambridge Platonists, but does not point out that men far less like him shared some of his opinions. Milton, for instance, believed, no less than did Traherne, in the holiness of the material world and in the value of the freedom of the human will.

But, despite these cavils, Miss Wade has written a book which will be valued by all students of the seventeenth century. Her reconstruction of the facts about Traherne's life is lucid and convincing and her appreciation of his literary qualities is discriminating and just. She recognises that "his poetry is not of the first order. It is definitely inferior to his prose." She gives an interesting account of some of the reasons for the comparative failure of the one, while she skilfully points to those qualities in the other which are unique, as well as to those which relate it to the contemporary development of the plain style.

JOAN BENNETT

Company Meeting

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

GREAT WAR RECORD

THE 15th ordinary general meeting of the Imperial Chemical Industries Limited was held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W., on May 24th, the chairman, the Rt. Hon. Lord McGowan, K.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D., presiding.

The Chairman, in the course of his speech, said: "Now that the war with Germany is ended I owe it to all who have part or lot in our great enterprise to give some account of our contribution to the national effort. It is a record which is certainly unexcelled and probably unequalled. For more than six years I.C.I., like all concerns directly and deeply involved in the national war effort, has had to keep strict silence on their doings. In this we had no option, but our enforced silence has unfortunately left the stage clear to the critics and detractors who are ready to seize any and every opportunity to attack what is popularly known as 'big business.' They single out I.C.I. for most reckless attacks, partly because of its size, but mainly perhaps because they recognise I.C.I. to be one of the most efficient and successful examples of that system of free enterprise which they wish to overthrow. I make this statement without fear of contradiction: that had your company not been in existence, organised and directed as it was, the whole ability of Britain to prosecute the war would have been gravely, if not fatally, impaired.

"Nitrogen is the basis of both fertilisers and explosives, and naturally in wartime the demand for them rises to dizzy heights. Bread is as necessary as bombs, and we are proud that throughout the war we were able to meet the needs of the farmer and the filling factories alike.

"Our Explosives division rendered invaluable service in the realms of research, experiment and development. Literally hundreds of new devices were tried and many put into successful operation.

"Our part in the development of petrol production in Great Britain has been told so often that I need not repeat it. I must, however, put on record that the knowledge and experience we had gained in the great plant we had had for four years in operation at Billingham were the foundations on which was built a successful home production of the highest grade aviation spirit in Britain."

Lord McGowan said that not the least satisfying feature of their wartime records was the complete freedom from labour disputes, a fact made more remarkable when it was remembered that their pre-war staff had been heavily diluted by new entrants directed from all parts of the country. He felt he should take the opportunity of recording the Company's appreciation of the co-operation received throughout the war from those who control and direct the Unions with which they are concerned. In conclusion, the Chairman said:

"I.C.I.'s wartime achievements are the result of the system of free enterprise. The suggestion that free enterprise has had its day is certainly wholly incorrect. We have always believed in high productivity, which carries with it low selling prices—a policy which has been much appreciated by our many customers. Moreover, we live in harmony with others who produce articles similar to our own, and we do not seek to eliminate the small man. In our national, as in our international, arrangements I.C.I. has nothing to hide, nothing for which to apologise, and nothing of which to be ashamed. On the contrary, it has a great deal of which to be very proud."

The report was adopted.

NORWICH UNION INSURANCE SOCIETIES

ANNUAL MEETINGS.

THE Annual Meetings of the Norwich Union Insurance Societies were held at their Head Offices in Norwich, on May 28th and 29th last, and disclosed remarkably good figures, despite the many difficulties of the year under review.

In 1944 the absence of staff on war service had reached its peak, some 1,900 Norwich Union men and women being in the Forces. Nevertheless, the high reputation the Norwich Union enjoys throughout the world resulted in a steady flow of new proposals. At the Life Society's Meeting, for instance, the President, Sir Robert Bignold, reported that the net new business completed at £10,293,699 represented an increase of £822,130, whilst the number of policies at 13,638 was an increase of 1,821. Total Funds are now £59,105,004.

Since September, 1939, total war claims—including £165,000 in respect of civilian deaths in Britain—amounted up to the end of 1944 to £986,000, a large figure, but less than might have been expected.

The General Manager, Mr. W. W. Williamson, F.I.A., said he hoped it might be possible to make an announcement of the amount of the bonuses on January 1st, 1946; they would be in respect of all premiums due and paid since December 31st, 1935.

The Fire Society also showed a substantial increase in premium income, a total of £4,879,776 from all Departments being an increase of £72,170 on the previous year. In spite of serious losses abroad in respect of bush fires, the Bombay explosions, and hurricanes in the West, the total transfer to Profit and Loss amounted to £411,481, a figure which has only twice been exceeded in the Society's history. The total assets now amount to over £9,000,000, an increase of £318,172 on the 1943 figure.

Schools and Educational

BROOKLANDS. Crowborough 299. Pre. prep. Nursery School. All year home. Sound Education and Training. Health excellent.

BUNCE Court School, Trench Hall, Wem. Salop. Co-educ., mod. principles, prep. for Schl. Cert. Recog. B. of E. Practic., artist. activs., crafts, drawing, music, sports. Healthy food, own gdn. Anna Essenger, M.A., Principal.

BEDALES School, Petersfield, Hants. A progressive public school for boys and girls from 11½-18. Separate jnr. schl., 5-11. (No vacancies at present.) Estate 150 acres. Home farm. Headmaster, F. A. Meier, M.A. (Camb.).

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils can be prepared for Univ. School farm ensures healthy diet. T.T. cows. Principal: Eleanor Urban, M.A. (Oxon.).

VACANCY, 1 boarder (4-8 yrs.), Summer term only, possib. continuation as day pupil. St. George's Children's House, Harpenden.

Where to Stay

LLANDDULAS, Abergele, N. Wales. Comf. village inn nr. sea. Vi-springs, dble. rms. only. Home ckg. Good cellar. Breakfast and evng. dinner wkdys. Full brd. Sundays. 6 gns. Railway Hotel. Tel. 244.

WEST Surrey Highlands for honeymoons and hols. Brochure, Morris Lodge Hotel, Gong Hill, nr. Farnham, Surrey. Frensham 362.

Typing and Literary

TYPING and duplicating undertaken by expert staff, West Central Secretarial Services, Gloucester Mansions, Cambridge Circus, W.C.2 (TEM. 7949).

TYPEWRITING. Dora & Phyllis Morgan specialise in and give personal attention to MSS. and Plays, etc. 24 Erpingham Road, Westbourne, Bournemouth.

BOOKS bought for cash in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets required. Best prices paid for review copies. L. Simmonds, 184 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. Phone: HOL. 5440.

Horizon. MAY. 2*s*.

Mr. Connolly has devoted his May number to "News out of France." His own exemplary article is based on a recent visit to Paris. The contributors include Valéry, Sartre, Paulhan, and Francis Ponge. John Russell writes enthusiastically about The Existential Theatre (Existentialism has infected some good French writers, but one hopes it will not spread here); Stephen Spender on French wartime poetry; Philip Toynbee on Valéry, Blanchot, Camus, Michaux and Queneau (the last of these most interesting and enjoyable). The illustrations show fine recent works by Braque, who is now using for the first time a thick *impasto*. The whole number is stimulating and important—a Bailey bridge re-establishing communications in Western Europe. Ignorance about France is still general. A recent book in English by a Central European throws doubts on the courage of such Resistance writers as Aragon and Vercors, though the truth about them has for long been available. And a Sunday paper, too, propagated this inexcusable error. Truthful articles like those in *Horizon* are therefore necessary as well as enjoyable.

Correction.—The wallpaper designer referred to last week in "Design in the Home" was Jacqueline Groag, not Jacqueline Gloag.

Week-end Competitions

No. 801

Set by Juggins

I have often thought I could work wonders as a canvasser urging the claims of the candidate I did not wish to win. Six guineas are offered for five succinct remarks I might use in pretended support respectively of a Labour, a Liberal, a Communist, a Common Wealth, and a Conservative, candidate. Entries by June 12.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 798

Set by W. R.

Prizes of six guineas are offered for the best remarks overheard during the celebrations.

Report by W. R.

Here is a selection from the entries. Which are the best, and what criterion can one apply? I have printed the six prize-winners first, and I apologise to the others for what they must consider an invidious decision.

"If you don't leave off, June, I'll give you to Mr. Churchill and he'll put you in his mouth and light a match and *smoke* you." D. W. BARKER

"Then he put his arm round me and said, 'God save the King.'" P. PHELOPS

"Pity old Hitler's dead. Sorter takes the juice outer things."

"Well, Ma, the war's over!"

"So they say; but it don't feel like it to me. Not 'alf sudden enough, if you see what I mean." ALLAN M. LAING

(Late on V.E. night, 20 miles from London, the beams of the searchlights could not be seen, save where the ends of them rippled undisciplined over the haze of the sky). Overheard:

He: Look, the searchlights are dancing as well.

She: The sky is like a field of corn. P.C. 237

"I haven't felt so excited since West Ham won the Cup."

"It's the back streets that have the most flags." (That might almost become a new proverb). STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

The thousands on tiptoe relaxed as the procession went from sight.

"NOW can we go and see the ducks, Mummy." M. E. N.

"Nice to be again in a pre-war period. . . ." P. SCHNEEBERGER

A small boy was walking along with his *slightly* inebriated father when several rockets burst with a loud report.

"Oo-er, Dad."

"It's all right boy, that's one of ours." M. E. P.

1st Voice: "What's going to happen to your warden's post now the war's over?"

2nd Voice: "Oh, it will be closed for the duration, I expect." GRANVILLE GARLEY

"I didn't like paying all that, but we had to have flags. You know how people talk!" TROJAN

(The National Gallery. Floodlit). "That's the building where you can have lunch and a concert. I've tried it."

"Not a bit like the good old times, Mafficking, and after the last war. It's those Archbishop fellows again." SIR ROBERT WITT

". . . but it would have suited me much better if it had ended last Friday. So far as I'm concerned this War's gone on just three days too long. . . ." P. M. G.

V+1 day in King William Street, Moorgate. Crowds are lined up either side of road waiting for the Royal party to pass on their return route from the East End. About 3.30 p.m., a hearse passes. An hour later, another one passes.

Woman, artisan type, about 40, in awed voice: "Gracious, that's two."

Man, working-class, about 50: "Naw lady, that ain't two—it's the same one. They've bin and shown 'im the sights." L. B.

"We put out all the flags we had left over from the last war. One of them is the Japanese flag, but what does it matter? It all helps to brighten things up." LESLIE JOHNSON

One elderly lady to another: "Well, I did *think* of buying a small piece of red, white and blue ribbon." C. R. COURCIER

Scene: Scripture lesson in a class of nine-year-olds, on Thursday, May 10th, 1945.

Teacher: "To-day is Ascension Day. Who can tell me what we mean by the Ascension, and what we specially think of?"

Child: "The anniversary of Mr. Churchill being Prime Minister." PHYLLIS EVANS

One Young Woman to Another: "Well, all I can say is the War hasn't done *me* any good. In fact, it's done me 'arm." W. A. MYERS

"One can't help noticing quite a number of *foreign* flags all over the place. Most unsuitable, I think." S. A. COOPER

Outside Charing Cross tube station, 10.30 p.m., V-E Day. Crowds packed to suffocation pitch, curve to curve, bulge to crevice.

Fat Woman (morosely): "It's a good job I had a light supper, dear!" MARY EDWARDS

First Woman (in bus): "Are you getting your flags ready to hang out?"

Second Woman: "No, we aren't having any flags, there will be no jollification in *our* family. My sister has lost her son and my other sister's boy is missing."

First Woman (realising she had been tactless): "Yes, it is awful of course. I am not getting any *new* flags though, only using an old one I had left over from the last war!" FREDA SHAND

Small boy on bicycle, large flag on handlebars, shooting right and left with toy machine-gun.

Second boy also on bike with flag but no gun.

2nd boy to 1st boy: "Where yer going?"

2nd boy: "Never you mind. Put, putter putt. Now you're dead," rushes on. BEDA

"Well, I suppose that's the end of MY peace. Wish that SWINE o' mine was goin' to Japan. Comin' 'ome with his Hitlerin', The kids are terrified. Had their own way wi' me and no b——— thrashing—and the fun we 'ad in the Raids." L. M. J.

Personal

COULD any married woman voluntarily spare few hrs. weekly afternoons to help specialist conducting social research. Work interesting, semi-secretarial. Wimpole St. 'Phone Pad. 6170/write, 12, Kent Tce., N.W.1.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions, 30*s*. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HOLIDAY Helpers wanted at Odam Hill Children's Farm, July 26th—Sept. 14th, for work with children and domestic work. Suit student or mother with own child 5-15. Romansleigh, S. Molton.

RATIONAL way to provide for your child's school, University fees is an educ. endowment fund. Details of selected plans from Hills & Co., Insurance Brokers, 353 High St., Cheltenham.

LATIN and Greek individual coaching, evenings. B.A. Hons., Cantab. Write Rackham, 40 Rosehill Park West, Sutton, Sy.

PUBLISHER wishes buy Publishing Company and/or Monthly Magazine. Box 8597.

ADAPTABLE young couple and toddler (14), fortnight holiday June/July. Suggestions, please. Box 8600.

BOY, 7, well-mannered, happy disposition needs home for part of school hols., pref. school catering for holiday children, within reach London. Box 8604.

RUSSIAN Correspondence lessons by native tutor. Russian Commercial Bureau, 19, Hart Street, Henley, Oxon.

GERMAN lessons, interesting and efficient method by experienced Viennese teacher. Write Box 8615.

CARAVAN to let, holidays, Edge of New Forest. 2 *gns.* weekly. Olive Wilson, The Ridge, Godshill, nr. Fordingbridge, Hants.

DOES your piano want a home? Storage room offered in return for use. Phone FRO. 0794 after 7.

SEASIDE holiday accom. wanted for 2 wks., Aug. or early Sept., for 2 adults, 3 children, nursemaid. Farm pref. Mrs. N. K. Hutton, Whiteacre, Oakhill Rd., Sevenoaks.

Personal—continued

QUIET office, Westminster, nr. Abbey. Prof. man (mostly out) offers share use, 21*s*. weekly. Box 8674.

ISLAND Holidays with pay. Wanted June, limited number voluntary potato pickers, males only. For partics., apply Griffiths, Ramsey Island, St. David's, Pembrokeshire.

DUTTON One-week Shorthand. Test lesson, send 3*d*. in stamps. Write Dept., N.S., 92–3 Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

HAVE you Cockroaches? Buy Blattis the great scientific cockroach exterminator, works wonders. Tins, 1*s*. 9*d*., 2*s*. 10*d*., 5*s*. Sole Makers, Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor Sheffield 10. Chemists, Boots Branches.

A SMOKE divinely soothes the nerves; Tom Long indeed this object serves!

AVOID Furs got by Torture. Write for Fur Crusade leaflets telling how to kill domestic animals and poultry humanely, with comments on various slaughter methods. Major C. Van der Byl, Wappenham, Towcester.

THE Life of Your Mattress prolonged if Heal's remake it. Reasonable prices from 15*s*. Send mattress to them for exact estimate. Heal & Son, Ltd., 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

NOVELS Wanted. 3*s*. each offered Reprint Society novels. From 2*s*. 6*d*. Modern Novels of Book Club and Library size. Fiction Library Service. 6–10 Chandos Hse., Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Abbey 2071.

ALL out for July 5th! Read R. Palme Dutt's Editorial in the July issue of "Labour Monthly." This number also includes articles by Ivor Montagu, I. Epstein, Clemens Dutt, S. A. Dange, C. D. Lovrin, J. W. White; also Book Reviews. Post paid, 7d., from Publishers, 134 Ballards Lane, N.3.

Accommodation Vacant and Wanted

LARGE bed-sitting-room with breakfast in lady's comfortable flat. Central position. Resident maid. Box 8676.

FORTNIGHT in furnished Highgate Village flat offered by Civil Servant, wife and 2 children, in return for similar accommodation seaside, late July, August. Box 8654.

Accommodation—continued

WOMAN Journalist, Soc. Lit., would share her flat, N. London. Must provide linen. Box 8663.

FURN. room available, London flat. Pleasant con., self bus. girl. Cun. 5486.

OWNERS of tiny furnished house, Hampstead Heath, requiring it for 1 mth. only in year, offer it as post-war pied-à-terre to others for periods month/longer. Write now Box 8595.

4-ROOM flat, Hampstead, offered in exch. for accom. at or near sea, 3–4 weeks July/August. Box 8598.

ARE you moving? Young artist (now glide. pilot) wife and child urgently want to hear of unfurnished unconventional flat, London. Reasonable rent. Box 8586.

S.O.S. Mews flat (or similar s.c. unfurn. accom.) desperately needed now/this year, view long tenancy. Eden Peacock, 104 Merton Hall Rd., S.W.19.

WANTED by professional woman, unfurn. flat/pt. hse., 2 rms., kit., bath, pref. Hampstead. Box 8716.

UNFURNISHED flat reqd., 2/3 rooms, kit., bath. Kensington, Belgravia, Chelsea, or near. Box 8645.

FLAT, pt.-furnd., Woodford-Wanstead area, wtd. by couple (readers). Box 8653.

SUNNY Garden Divan-rooms—something unusual for the appreciative—single 4-5 *gns.* dbl. from 4 *gns.*, bkfst. and dinners inclusive 1 Cresswell Gdns., S.W.5. KEN. 0425

GIRL (Grad.) reqs. mod. s.c. furn. flat or willing share same. Alternatively would like to be paying guest in congenial, interesting house. No restrictions. W. N.W. district. Box 8677.

YOUNG Englishwoman (prof. domesticated) offers hsekpg. duties in exch. accom. mod. flat, N.W., prof./business man. Box 8726.

RESEARCH Student (wife, child) urgently needs small house or flat, unfurn., London. Box 8687.

UNIVERSITY couple require rent unfurnished rooms or house, country town with easy access London. Write Box 8694.

Accommodation—continued

UNFURNISHED flat (pref. self-cont.) reqd. by couple. No children. District optional. 2 rms., kit., bathrm. 28, Beaumont Court, Upper Clapton Rd. E.5. Amherst 4643.

FURNISHED house required in Sept. for 7 months, in or near London, within easy reach Baker St. station. Santec, St. Giles Hill, Winchester.

Readers' Market

FOR Sale: Krafft-Ebing's 'Psychopathia Sexualis,' English translation, published Davis, U.S.A., 60*s*. E.M.G. "Mark 9" acoustic gramophone, electric turntable, excellent condition what offers? Weston Photo-electric Exposure Meter "U," £10; Easiwork Cooker No. 9, £10. Erika 3-bank typewriter Corona 3-bank typewriter, exchange for 1 modern portable machine; Linguaphone, French, complete, almost new, £7 10*s*.; Complete set of Linguaphone records Italian, excellent condition offers? Remington Portable, good working condition, Corona Portable, rebuilt as new offers; Portable typewriter, 4-bank Olympia Simplex, little used, perfect, offers Portable typewriter (Royal), £25; Hoover & Dusteretta, perfect condition guaranteed by firm, £30 & £8.

WANTED: Palinurus' "Unquiet Grave," good price; Morris and Rendell's "Maternity and Postoperative Exercises," urgently; Dorothy Gray's "Hotel Receptionist"; "New Writing," 1–12; Silone's "Fontamara," "Seed Beneath the Snow," Koestler's "Gladiators"; Huxley's "Point Counterpoint," "Brave New World"; Russian Samovar; Upright piano (long hire by good pianist); Saxophone and music; Tom Paine medals, tokens, mugs, prints, old books; "Trees and Shrubs Throughout the Year," by W. J. Bean, illus. Hemery.

*Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10 Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charge under this heading is 1*s*. 6d. first word, 9d. a word after, including forwarding replies.*